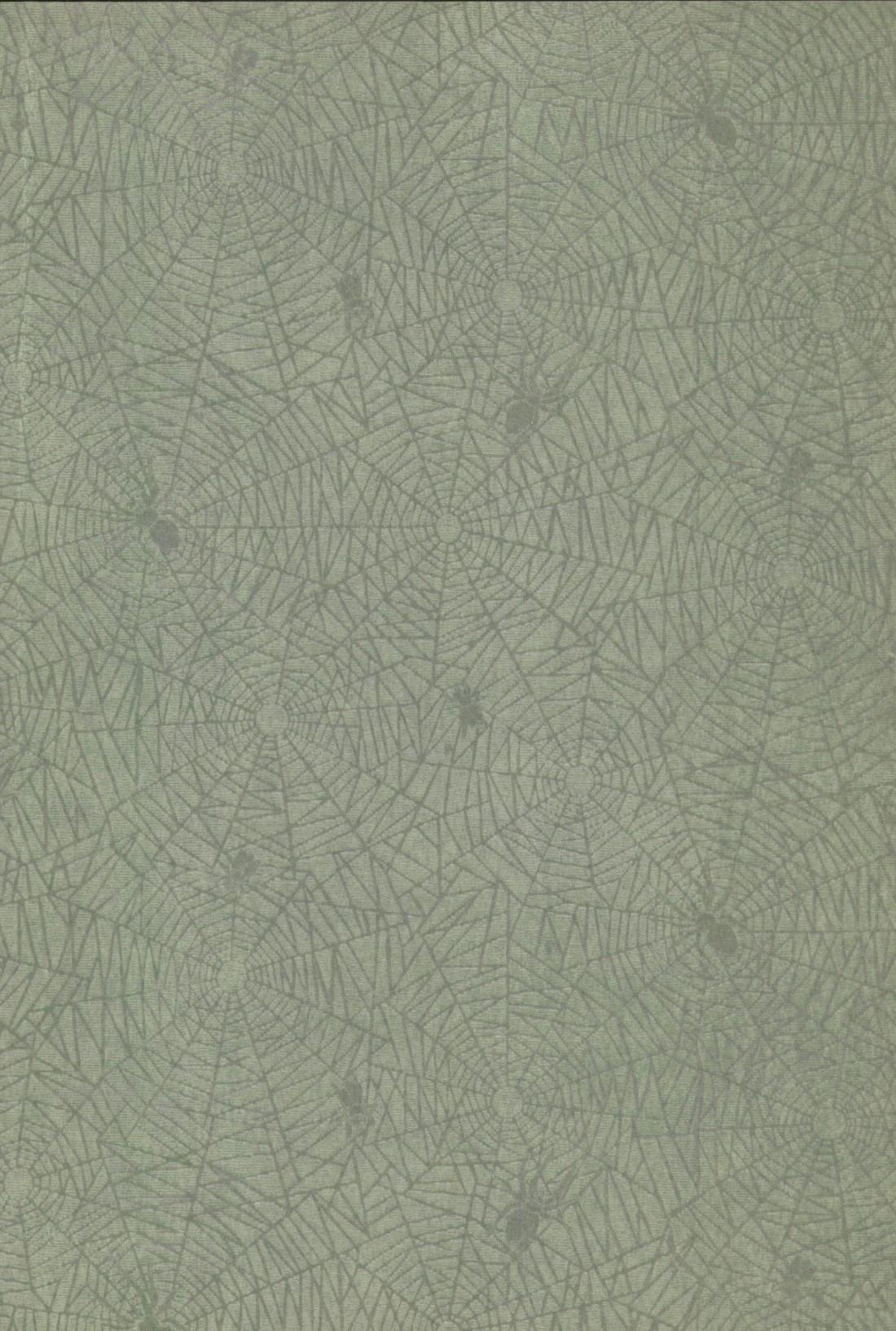
1931

COLDENDALE HIGH SCHOOL
SIMCOE

Clara Brehaut

1931



SIMCOE

- of -

1931

Published Annually
by the
STUDENTS OF GOLDENDALE HIGH SCHOOL
Goldendale, Washington
VOLUME XV

Photography by
GEORGE M. EDDIE

Engraving by
NATIONAL EDITORIAL ASSOCIATION

Printing by
THE GOLDENDALE SENTINEL

SENIOR POEM

Gone, but not forgotten,
Slipped away like drops of dew,
Gone forever with our childhood,
High School Years of sunny hue.

Every day has had its sorrows,
Every hour has had its cares,
And silently, the day of parting
Has slipped upon us, unawares.

Speak not harshly of our sobbings,
Think not harshly of our tears,
It is but the dear, old memories
Coming back, of yester years.

Leaving now the ranks of study,
Going out as conquerors do,
We shall ne'er forget those cherished
High School Years of sunny hue.

FOREWORD

May you find true pleasure as you read these pages that echo the happy memories of a year that is drawing to a happy close.

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ADVERTISING AND JOKES

DEDICATED
to
JAMES SHELTON

Whose courage we admire,
Whose honor we respect,
Whose friendship we treasure,

This Volume is dedicated as a token of our love and appreciation of his noble character.

ADMINISTRATION

SCHOOL BOARD

Chairman — Z. O. Brooks

Members

E. D. Roe

F. H. Collins

C. W. Ramsey

V. A. Bacher — Clerk

VERNON A. BACHER, Superintendent

B. S. Science—Whitworth College—Mathematics

SARA V. BACHER

B. S. Home Economics—James Milliken University-B. A. Education—University of Illinois—Science

CATHERINE L. BLEAKNEY

B. A. Latin—Whitman College—English—Latin

CLEO SHELTON

B. S. Home Economics—South Dakota State College—Home Economics—English

NOVA M. WARREN

B. A. Music—College of Idaho—History—Civics—Music

ROSS L. VAN WOERT

B. S. Education—University of Washington—Algebra—Commercial

BOARD OF CONTROL

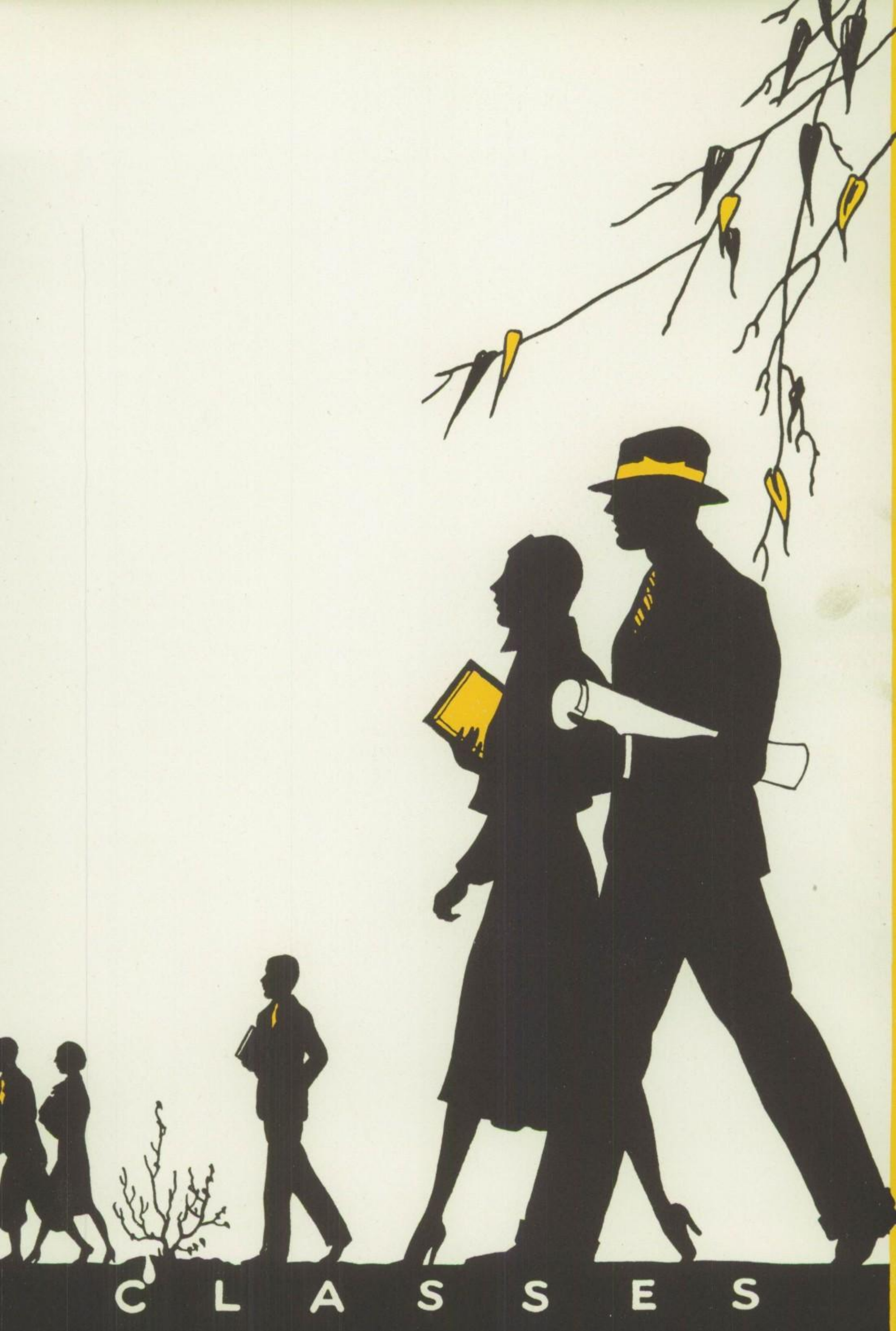
President	Reo Young
Vice President	Margaret McEwen
Secretary	Margaret Moore
Treasurer	Charles Spoon
Business Manager	Jack Dressel
Simcoe Editor	Margaret McEwen
Senior Representatives	Charles Spoon
	Margaret Moore
Junior Representatives	Ruth Young
	Fleming Byars
Sophomore Representatives	Mildred Swan
	Mitchel Henslee
Freshman Representatives	Beatrice Young
	Jack Coffield

ADMINISTRATION

The faculty of G. H. S. consists of six members this year. They have worked very hard all year to assist in the plays, games, dances, and, indeed, in all the activities of this school. They have spent much time outside of school hours in order that the students might derive as many benefits as possible from both the curricular and extra-curricular programs. Mr. and Mrs. Bacher and Miss Shelton have completed their fifth year in this institution, and they have grown to be loved and admired by the students, as well as by the community that supports the school and its activities. Mrs. Warren, from the College of Idaho, and Miss Bleakney, from Whitman College, have completed their second year here. They are to be thanked whole-heartedly for the success of the school plays and Glee Club programs. Mr. Van Woert, from the University of Washington, was the only new member on the faculty this year. He has done his best to build up winning athletic teams.

The school board does everything within its power to make this school a success and one to be proud of. It wisely selects teachers and controls the finances of the school. The school board, this year, consists of Mr. Z. O. Brooks, Mr. E. D. Roe, Dr. F. H. Collins, and Mr. V. A. Bacher, Clerk. Mr. C. W. Ramsey acted on the board after the resignation of Mr. H. J. Turner.

The Board of Control functions as the administrator of Student Body affairs. It makes the plans for the running of the school for the year. The members of the Board of Control are elected at the end of each school year. Each class, with the exception of the Senior Class, nominates four members. Two of these nominees are elected to the Board by the popular vote of the Student Body. The representatives of the Freshman Class are elected in the same manner at the beginning of the year. Other officers are: President, Business Manager, Reporter, Editor of the SIMCOE, Athletic Manager, and Yell Leader. The Athletic Manager, Reporter, and Yell Leader are not members of the Board of Control. The members of this Board meet at the beginning of the year and elect the Vice-President, Treasurer, and Secretary. The success of the activities of this executive board is to be attributed to the willing, efficient cooperation of the students whom it represents.


CLASSES

SENIORS

CLASS COLORS—Yellow and green
CLASS FLOWER—Yellow rose
CLASS MOTTO—"We Will."

CLASS OFFICERS

President ..... Charles Spoon
Vice-president ..... Erma Plett
Secretary ..... Lois Spalding
Treasurer ..... Marvin Kamholz
Simcoe Representative ..... Margaret Moore
Faculty Adviser ..... Mrs. Bacher

CLASS ROLL

Wilma Adams, Eleanor Amundson, Florence Bratton, Laura Coley, Louise Dressel, Velma Elliott, Walter Hamilton, Nellie Harp, Marvin Kamholz, Elizabeth Kayser, Natalie Lawler, Marjorie LeBlanc, Clara Lefever, Margaret McEwen, Ernestine Miller, Margaret Moore, Maude Myers, Mary Nelson, Winnie Nordwell, Arthur Perry, Erma Plett, Margaret Plett, Doris Roberts, Paul Sanstrum, Lois Spalding, Charles Spoon, Virgie Wade, Cora Watson, Florenz Wedgwood, Barbara Wendorf, Amanda Westermann, Tom Wilson, Claude Woods, Reo Young.

MRS. SARA V. BACHER—Faculty Adviser
"A teacher and true friend."

WILMA ADAMS—(Billy)
"Woman's heart is like the moon, ever changing, but it always has a man in itt."

WALTER HAMILTON—(Walt)
"The woman who gets me is lucky."

ELEANOR AMUNDSON
"I shall think, and thought is science."

FLORENCE BRATTON—(Bratton)
"And even though vanquished she would argue still."

MARVIN KAMHOLZ—(Kammy)
"A little nonsense now and then is relished by the best of men."

LAURA COLEY—(Laurie)
"I fear nothing but doing wrong."

LOUISE DRESSEL—(Tiny)
"The most effective coquettry is innocence."

MARGARET McEWEN—(Peggy)
"The blushing beauties of a modest maid."

CLARA LEFEVR
"It is the wise head that makes the still tongue."

PAUL SANSTRUM—(Sandy)
"This world belongs to the ambitious—let 'em have it!"

MARJORIE LeBLANC—(Frenchy)
"Youth comes once in a lifetime, fill it to the utmost."

NATALIE LAWLER—(Shorty)
"A fair maiden never bold."

ARTHUR PERRY—(Art)
"They serve who only stand and wait."

ELIZABETH KAYSER—(Ky)
"Coquetting with thine eyes and fooling him who sighs."

VELMA ELLIOTT—(Snookie)
"Archly this maiden smiles with eyes o'er running with laughter."

ERNESTINE MILLER—(Ernie)
"Ambition knows no bounds."

MARGARET MOORE—(Mike)
"Look into her eyes, and you'll see a little imp."

CHARLES SPOON—(Spoony)
"A great artist, a good actor, a good friend."

MAUD MYERS—(Topsy)
"She talks nice, acts nice, and is nice."

MARY NELSON
"I will either find a way or make one."

TOM WILSON—(Tommy)
"Well, its over at last!"

WINNIE NORDWELL
"Quiet, unruffled, and always the same."

ERMA PLETT—(Ermie)
"Her success lies in her constancy of purpose."

MARGARET PLETT—(Plit)
"Exceedingly well read, and profited in strange concealments."

DORIS ROBERTS—(Dory)
"For she's a jolly good fellow."

CLAUDE WOODS—(Brush)
"Dandies, when first rate, are very agreeable men."

FRANCIS ROBINSON
"Speech is great but silence is greater."

LOIS SPALDING—(Spalding)
"Arrows of satire, feathered with wit, fly home to their mark."

REO YOUNG—(Brigham)
"Our Flaming Youth."

VIRGIE WADE—(Vig)
"She doth many things in a quiet way."

CORA WATSON—(Cory)
"What sweet delight a quiet life affords."

BARBARA WENDORF—(Bobby)
"Say, can that woman tolk!"

FLORENZ WEDGEWOOD
"It's harder to be correct than critical."

AMANDA WESTERMANN—(Mandy)
"She is quiet and reserved."

GOLDENDALE HIGH SCHOOL
SIMCOE

WILMA ADAMS—Entered from Yakima-4; English course; Gold "G" Club-4; Basketball-4; All High-4.

ELEANOR AMUNDSON—Entered from Pleasant Valley-1; English course; Simcoe Staff-4.

FLORENCE BRATTON—Scientific course; Torch Honor Society-2-3-4; Simcoe Staff-4; Gold "G" Club-4; Basketball-4.

LAURA COLEY—English course; Simcoe Staff-3-4; Girls Glee Club-1-2-3-4; Ritzie Revue-1; Operetta-3; All High-4; Music Contest-1-2-3; Declamatory Contest-2; Oratorical Contest-4.

LOUISE DRESSEL—Classical course; Vice-President class-2; Board of Control-3; Secretary Student Body-3; Torch Honor Society-2-3-4; Vice-President Torch Honor Society-4; Simcoe Staff-2-3-4; Gold "G" Club-2-4; President Gold "G" Club-4; Girls' Glee Club-1-2-4; Basketball-2-3-4; Ritzie Revue-2; All High-4; Music Contest-1-2; Oratorical Contest-2-3.

VELMA ELLIOTT—English course; Simcoe Staff-4; Gold "G" Club-4; Basketball-3-4; Class play-4.

WALTER HAMILTON—English course; Class play-4.

MARVIN KAMHOLZ—Scientific course; Class treasurer-4; Boys' Glee Club-1-2-3-4; Class play-3-4; Operetta-3; All High-4.

ELIZABETH KAYSER—Scientific course; Simcoe Staff-3-4; Class play-3-4; Ritzie Revue-1; Declamatory Contest-4.

NATALIE LAWLER—Classical course; Simcoe Staff-2; Gold "G" Club-4; Girls' Glee Club-1-2-3-4; Vice-President Glee Club-4; Basketball-4; Class play-3; Ritzie Revue-1; Operetta-3; All High-4; Music Contest-1-2-3.

MARJORIE LeBLANC—Classical course; Girls' Glee Club-3-4; Operetta-3; All High-4; Music Contest-3.

CLARA LEFEVER—Scientific course.

MARGARET McEWEN—Classical course; Board of Control-4; Vice-President Student Body-4; Torch Honor Society-2-3-4; President Torch Honor-4; Simcoe Staff-1-2-3; Editor Simcoe-4; Gold "G" Club-2-4; Vice-President Gold "G" Club-4; Girls' Glee Club-2-3-4; Secretary-treasurer Girls' Glee Club-3; President-4; Basketball-2-3-4; Class play-3; Operetta-3; All High-4; Music Contest-1-2-3.

ERNESTINE MILLER—Classical course.

MARGARET MOORE—Classical course; Class President-1; Board of Control-4; Secretary Student Body-4; Simcoe Staff-2-3-4; Gold "G" Club-4; Girls' Glee Club-2-3; Basketball-4; Class play-3-4; Operetta-3; Declamatory Contest-2; Music Contest-2-3.

MAUDE MYERS—Entered from Toppenish-2; Scientific course; Torch Honor Society-2-3-4; Simcoe Staff-4; Girls' Glee Club-3-4; Operetta-3; All High-4; Music Contest-3.

MARY NELSON—Classical course; Torch Honor Society-1-2; Simcoe Staff-4.

WINNIE NORDWELL—English course; Entered from Spring Creek-2; Torch Honor Society-2.

ARTHUR PERRY—English course; Entered from Horseshoe Bend-3; Purple "G" Club-3-4; Football-3-4.

ERMA PLETT—Scientific course; Secretary-treasurer Class-3; Vice-President-4; Torch Honor Society-2-3-4; Simcoe Staff-2-3-4.

MARGARET PLETT—Classical course; President Class-2-3; Torch Honor Society-2-3-4; Vice-President Torch Honor Society-3; Simcoe Staff-1-3-4.

DORIS ROBERTS—Classical course; Torch Honor Society-2-3-4; Simcoe Staff-4; Operetta-3; All High-4.

FRANCES ROBINSON—Entered from Seattle, Wash.-4; English course.

PAUL SANSTRUM—Entered from Glenwood-2; English course; Class play-3-4.

LOIS SPALDING—Classical course; Secretary Class-4; Simcoe Staff-3-4; Gold "G" Club-2-4; Secretary-treasurer Gold "G" Club-4; Girls' Glee Club-2-3-4; Basketball-2-3-4; Class play-3-4; Operetta-3; All High-4; Music Contest-2-3; Oratorical Contest-4.

CHARLES SPOON—Scientific course; Secretary-treasurer Class-1-2; Vice-President-3; President-4; Board of Control-3-4; Treasurer Student Body-4; Simcoe Staff-2-3-4; Boys' Glee Club-1-3-4; Class play-3-4; Operetta-3; All High-4.

VIRGIE WADE—Scientific course; Girls' Glee Club-2-4; All High-4; Music Contest-2.

CORA WATSON—Entered from Goodnoe Hills-2; Classical course; Torch Honor Society-2-3.

FLORENCE WEDGWOOD—Scientific course.

BARBARA WENDORF—Entered from White Salmon-2; English course; Girls' Glee Club-3-4; Operetta-3; All High-4; Music Contest-3.

AMANDA WESTERMANN—English course.

TOM WILSON—English course; Boys' Glee Club-3-4; Class play-3; Operetta-3; All High-4.

CLAUDE WOODS—English course; Boys' Glee Club-2-3-4; Operetta-3.

REO YOUNG—Entered from White Salmon-2; Scientific course; Board of Control-4; Reporter-3; President Student Body-4; Torch Honor Society-2-3-4; Secretary-treasurer Torch Honor Society-4; Simcoe Staff-3-4; Purple "G" Club-3-4; Boys' Glee Club-2-3-4; Football-3-4; Basketball-3-4; Class play-3-4; Operetta-3; All High-4; Music Contest-2; Oratorical Contest-2-4.

SENIOR CLASS HISTORY

As a meteorite flashes through the sky, so the Class of 1931 has flashed through these four short years of work and play that are now behind us. At the beginning they seemed long, but now that we are at the end, there is a panicky, half-sad feeling at the thought of leaving these favorite halls and corridors.

Once upon a time we were Freshmen. There were forty-six of us. Our President, Margaret Moore; Vice-president, Fred Lear; Secretary-treasurer, Charles Spoon; Class Representative, Douglas Ledbetter; and Class Adviser, Miss Hale were our pilots through this first year.

After the initiation—a Senior compliment—our high school career definitely began.

Our pilots for the second year were Margaret Plett, President; Louise Dressel, Vice-president; Charles Spoon, Secretary-treasurer; Erma Plett, Simcoe Representative; and Miss Lewis, Class Adviser. Though our number was somewhat less than the preceding year we were just beginning to be active in Student Body affairs—being represented in both Boys' and Girls' Glee Clubs, football, and boys' and girls' basketball, and in the Torch Honor Society, a scholastic organization.

It was as upper-classmen however, that we definitely proved our ability. We had three lettermen among the boys and four among the girls. Our class play was an hilarious comedy entitled "Fifty-Fifty" and was successfully presented by a chosen group. The Junior Prom was even more successful—the decorations making a decided impression. Several members represented the Class in both Boys' and Girls' Glee Clubs, and also in the Torch Honor Society. Our officers for this year were Margaret Plett, President; Charles Spoon, Vice-president; Erma Plett, Secretary-treasurer; Laura Coley, Simcoe Representative; and Miss Wilson, Class Adviser. Charles Spoon and Louise Dressel were the Class representatives to the Board of Control.

Now comes a review of our last year in G. H. S. Thirty-four of us are graduating. Our Class officers are: Charles Spoon, President; Erma Plett, Vice-president; Lois Spalding, Secretary; Marvin Kamholz, Treasurer; Margaret Moore, Simcoe Representative; and Mrs. Bacher, Class Adviser. Charles Spoon and Margaret Moore are the Class representatives to the Board of Control.

The following Student Body Officers are held by Seniors: Student Body President, Vive-president, Simcoe Editor, Secretary, and Treasurer.

Three girls: Margaret McEwen, Lois Spalding, and Louise Dressel, and one boy, Reo Young, are entitled to the final Gold "G" award which is in the form of a pin, presented at the end of the Senior year to the boys and girls who have earned a required number of letters in the sports in which they participated during the preceding four years.

There are eight Seniors receiving Torch Honor Pins—the final awards for membership in the Society during three successive years—one as a Sophomore, one as a Junior, one as a Senior. They are: Florence Bratton, Louise Dressel, Margaret McEwen, Maude Myers, Erma Plett, Margaret Plett, Doris Roberts, and Reo Young.

We also had representatives of the Class participating in the major activities of the Student Body. Girls' Glee Club, Boys' Glee Club, the Torch Honor Society, and the Simcoe Staff.

The Class presented a play on December 19 that added a very welcome sum to our depleted treasury.

The Senior Ball, the last social event staged by the Senior Class before graduation, was very successful.

As we came in happy and very thrilled Freshmen—so we go out, happy and very thrilled Seniors.

We leave to the Student Body a memorial in the gymnasium floor—a memorial that the Senior Class has been proud to have one-third share in presenting.

Thus, with a last gesture, we surrender our privilege of being Students of Goldendale High School, and we sincerely regret that it is necessary to leave our School, as we take another step onward in our careers.

L. J. D. '31

SENIOR WILL

We, the class of 1931, in our usual good health and sound minds, being at our height of perfection and in unusually good condition for market, corn and wheat fed and guaranteed to bring top prices, de hereby make this our last will and testament, in the presence of the chief executioner; hereby revoking all wills and testaments by us heretofore made.

Article the First

We, the Class of 1931, will and bequeath to remaining classes at date of our departure from G. H. S., our proper and orderly conduct in halls, classrooms and library. This item is practically as new as when left to us, so you should appreciate it all the more.

To the Juniors we leave our secrets pertaining to class drives. Guard them carefully, as have all other Senior classes.

To the Sophomores we will our numerous positions on the honor roll and our superior intelligence with which we regretfully part.

To the Frosh we bequeath everything or nothing that is left, or what they can wrench from the other classes.

Article the Second

Being the individual wills of the members of the Class of '31.

I, Wilma Adams, will and bequeath to Marie McDowell my ability

as an acrobatic dancer, with the advice to be careful when turning cartwheels.

We, Eleanor Amundson and Winnie Nordwell, leave to Jean Johnson our calm, blond appearance and quiet manners.

I, Laura Coley, leave by childish pigeon toes and dramatic ability to Vernita Bowman.

I, Louise Dressel, leave my outgrown dresses to Maxine McAllister with the admonition to watch the avoirdupois or the seams will split.

I, Marvin Kamholz, gladly leave my willingness to succumb to another's wishes to Charles Divers.

I, Elizabeth Kayser, leave my expressive blue eyes, to be used especially in dramatic work, to Clara Brokaw.

I, Marjorie LeBlanc, leave my habit of finding bright spots in a comparatively dull existence, to John Scheel.

I, Margaret McEwen, leave my long, yellow hair to Betty McCann. Be sure to brush it daily and wash it once a week.

We, Mary Nelson and Ernestine Miller, leave our forceful, determined spirit to Edith Bratton and Inez Robertson.

We, Tom Wilson and Barbara Wendorf, leave our dancing ability to Clarence Schroder and Frances Smith.

I, Margaret Moore, leave what knowledge I have gained about the last three Fords, to Beatrice Overly.

I, Clara Lefever, leave my quiet, sincere attitude, to Ruth Young.

We, Natalie Lawler and Velma Elliott, leave to our young brothers, that which they themselves will never attain—our positions on the honor roll.

I, Walter Hamilton, leave my limitless supply of "wise cracks" to Virginia Tubandt, to be used at all times, suitable or unsuitable.

I, Lois Spalding, will to Edna Sanstrum, my place in class plays.

We, Maude Myers and Frances Robinson, leave our love of studying to Otis Jackson and Paul McEwen.

I, Virgie Wade, bequeath my blissful unconsciousness of my appearance to Hilma Bruner.

I, Doris Roberts, leave my patience with young boys to Della Norris.

We, Paul Sanstrum and Amanda Westermann, will our quiet, unobtrusive personalities to Fleming Byars and Clayton Roloff.

I, Arthur Perry, will my ability as a baseball pitcher to Lenore Dingmon.

We, the Plett sisters, will our ease at earning A's in all classes to Robert Hoctor and Don Brewer. Your system is all wrong boys; try concentration.

I, Charles Spoon, leave my ability in rapid translation and reading of French, to Jack Dressel.

I, Cora Watson, leave my saucy expression in Civics class to Emma Seibold.

I, Claud Woods, leave my cheerful grin to Doris Baker. Be sure that it has sufficient exercise for futher growth.

I, Florence Bratton, will my little playmate, Martin Cahill, to my younger sister. I also leave her my book, "How to Ride Bikes."

I, Reo Young, will to Frank Lainhart my habit of retiring early, so that Frank may have more chance to catch up on his sleep.

I, Florenz Wedgwood, leave to Della Norris my ability as a baseball player.

This, the Senior Class will of 1931, benefits those less fortunate than we in attaining those qualities so desirable. We wish all claims to be settled immediately and the remainder (if there is any) of our possessions to be carried to the dump yard north of the city, and there piled up and burned.

In Witness hereof, we do, on this first day of April, 1931, place our signatures to this will, declaring it to be legal and binding.

Lawyers—Velma Elliott and Natalie Lawler.

Witnesses—Senior Class of Goldendale High School, 1931.

CLASS PROPHECY

'Tis a dull, drab life at best—that of an old maid—and we three, Marjorie LeBlanc, Mary Nelson, and Ernestine Miller had not wandered from the beaten path. We lived together on a large truck farm in the sunny South, with nothing to do but spade up the ground every spring and drop in the seeds. Marjorie had been driven almost insane by this life of deadly sameness, and Mary and Ernestine had quite wasted away in pining for ships that never came in.

Then one day Ernestine dashed up the steps frantically waving an airplane circular. "Enter the Airplane Altitude Contest! No experience required. Take three lessons from the Johnson-Brown School of Aeronautics and you are as fit a pilot or mechanic as any in the United States."

"That is indeed our chance," exclaimed Marjorie. "Here's where we blaze the trail to fame and fortune." So Marjorie and Ernestine enrolled in the school, while Mary furnished the funds, which she had collected from time to time by the sale of an extra bunch of radishes or onions. Mary, herself, was a little skeptical about the whole proposition, yet she knew that she'd have to go with them on the flight for old maid's sake if for nothing else.

The opening day of the Contest arrived, and we old maids went out to our rented plane and prepared to make a glorious take-off. It cannot

be denied that we were scared, yet we knew, that should we be the winners there would be hundreds of men clamoring for our hands in marriage. This may all sound giddy and school-girlish but had you been in our place you would have realized that we were in truly desperate circumstances.

Marjorie being pilot, adjusted the controls, while Ernestine, the mechanic, wound up the propeller. When the engine popped and roared, Ernie jumped in and we sailed off across the field in as pretty a manner as you please. Up we soared into the blue, blue skies, until, overcome by excitement, we began to feel young again. But when an old maid begins to feel young, something is always likely to happen. Marjorie pulled too hard on the gas lever and the plane rose upward faster than ever. The clouds were left behind, the stars and planets rushed by.

"My word, my word, my word!" exclaimed Ernestine, "Something is drastically wrong!"

"So it seems," murmured Mary sarcastically, but in a very faint voice. "Perhaps the lessons were a little too brief."

Upward, ever upward, we rushed. The moon came tearing at us, but it was soon out of sight. We were headed straight for the sun. Nevertheless, we got by it with only a slightly singed wing.

"Alas and alack!" cried Marjorie. "I swear I see the pearly gates of heaven!"

"Amen!" acquiesced Mary, as she devoutly closed her eyes.

Crash! The plane had bumped against one of the snowy columns that upholds these famous gates, and we barely escaped from the machine before the whole contraption went up in smoke.

"Who is there?" demanded Saint Peter in a greatly perturbed voice, for he was not used to being so rudely alarmed.

"Sinners, all," replied Mary, humbly bowing her head.

"Then, come in," said the good old Saint, appeased by this confession.

"Oh, look!" exclaimed Marjorie, as we stepped inside the gates. "We can see down to the earth. There's China, there's Japan, and all the other countries of the world! Would you believe it, that silly altitude contest is still going on and I do believe I see Walter Hamilton trying to keep his plane at the topmost rank."

"Oh, oh, oh,— and do look over here! It's quite near that small town that we used to live in, you know,—Goldendale. There's a circus and all kinds of animals. Mercy! it seems that one of the lions is loose but someone is going after him. It's a woman— There! They have him back in! My! That woman is surely brave. Good Gracious! Can you believe it! That woman is Maude Myers— training animals—well, that's the last thing I expected her to do. And there's a little boy trying to crawl under the tent flap. He's trying to see the Fat Lady . . . and . . . Why!—She's none other than Barbara Wendorf. My! She's the fattest woman I've ever seen. How did she ever do it!" All this came from excited Ernestine

but no one paid much attention to her for each was looking in a different direction bewildered, by this interesting, yet amazing picture, that was spread out beneath us.

Africa, South America, Egypt—how wonderful to see it all at a glance. And still more wonderful was it to find one by one, in various bewildering lines and occupations our classmates.

Wilma Adams, our one time star dancer as well as our novelty tease, we find as a cook in a commonplace restaurant, a greatly changed Wilma, but a happy one. A little farther along this same street we find Charles Spoon doing the same thing but perhaps losing in the race. He is just about to call on Wilma and go into partner-ship with her as she has been wanting him to do. We hope that together they may be able to make a successful business. Ah, ah, what strange things the future holds for us.

Mary, who has always been more or less interested in schools and the girls who attend them, calls our attention to Frances Robinson who is presiding very efficiently as Dean of Women over the jazz-crazed generation. Her kind motherly smile is a great inspiration to each and every one of them.

Saint Peter too helps to find them, readily points out to us Doris Roberts, now one of his workers. Indeed, as we look at her, we remark that she must even be said to outrival Aimee McPherson, of long ago, in her powerful gospel speeches. She has retained her youthful beauty and has developed a wonderful eloquence of speech. Throngs are held spellbound for hours.

Our eyes drifted back again to our old home town. It seems about the same except that street cars are now maintained. The population has increased and the postman who so efficiently delivers the mail in his little blue cap we discover to be none other than Marvin Kamholz, our old schoolmate. His cheery smile greets each be-aproned housewife as he goes from door to door. At one door Mary said he seemed to smile more benignly than ever and we strain in our eyes to see more distinctly.

"Upon my word! It's Margaret McEwen!" exclaimed Ernestine.

"Yes," vouchsafed Saint Peter. "She is now Mrs. Arthur Perry, and is very happy in her suburban home. The marriage was a surprise, but a happy one."

So interesting did this prove that we followed Marvin down the street to see if we can find any more of our long-ago pals. At one impressive mansion Marvin stooped to pat a tow-headed youngster with big blue eyes, on the head. The child seemed to remind Marvin of someone.

"Who was that girl who used to sit behind me in English IV class? I can't seem to remember exactly, but this face looks like hers," she said.

"It was Eleanor Amundson. . . And I'll bet she lives here now," Mary said by way of answer.

Her bet was right and we beheld Eleanor grown very beautiful in her

stately queen-like manner. She ran her home on the budget plan and was part-time business woman as well.

Leaving the town we now roam over the country—still a farming district. In one field a tractor was industriously plowing up the sod driven by a man of familiar build. He was a little stooped by work and care but grim and determined.

"That is Paul Sanstrum—running his farm scientifically, I'll bet. Wonder if he is running a race with that stranger or if they are just experimenting," said Mary.

At about this time two sunbonneted figures could be seen coming across the newly turned sod. In their hands they carried a basket. One girl was tall, the other short. They waved a greeting to the man. From beneath the drooping brims of the matronly bonnets we beheld the round faces of Margaret Moore and Lois Spalding of Used-to-be-Land. They were in partnership in poultry raising and were bringing their neighbor some goodies. The neighbors expect Paul to marry one of them, but are undecided as to which it will be.

We leave them and glance briefly over the surrounding country. Marjorie and Mary's old homes are still standing and the eyes of both cloud with fond memories as they behold them.

"Let's look up my Alma Mater," said Marjorie, still reminiscent.

To humor her, we did, and were properly breath-taken at the spectacle the University of Washington made (especially from the air). In a by-park of one of the grounds our attention was attracted by the peculiar movements of a woman. Upon close inspection we could see that she held a large net in one hand and jumped jerkily from one side to the other, at intervals. Beneath the visor pulled low over her brow we made out plainly the features of Florence Bratton. Her net and magnifying glass were her treasures and she had gained world-wide fame by her collection of bugs and miscellaneous other species.

"The University is still as beautiful as ever," sighed Marjorie, satisfied.

Let's watch this important looking woman going down the street over here in New York," suggested Ernestine who was tired of staying in such an insignificant place as Seattle.

This woman was indeed "important looking." She walked as if she had a definite purpose in mind. She was dressed nicely and seemed out of place in the slum district of which she was located. Looking neither to the right nor left she finally turned in at one of the most unkempt tenement houses. She was known as Madame Karoffski to the poor beggars of the tenement district. Everywhere she was welcome—everywhere she was a generous giver. Something about her seemed familiar to us from our elevated position. Saint Peter finally came to our rescue by telling us that she would be known to us as Elizabeth Kayser. Her life was a secluded

one—her only occupation to help the poor. The brilliant belle of High School Days had surprised us all.

"Let's go back to the circus, if we are looking for more of our schoolmates. I think that is an appropriate place to look for them," said Ernestine.

Since we were anxious to find them all we turn again to the circus life; and sure enough, we do find two more. Natalie Lawler charms throngs with her graceful, thrilling feats of bareback riding while Clara Lefever charms them into parting with their money to learn of their mystic future.

As we follow the beautiful highways of the Northwest the familiar sign "Slow, Men at Work" caught our eye. A piece of construction work was going on. Among the laborers specializing in ditch-digging we again find a familiar face. His red hair standing on end, his brawny arms exposed to the sun, Brother Reo Young was not hard to recognize. Seeing that he seemed satisfied, we did not stay there long.

We did not go far however for, at an attractive fruit stand where tourists could not help but stop, we again delayed to note one of our former companions. Miss Laura Coley was very deftly handing out watermelons, cantelopes, tomatoes, and various other kinds of fruit. By this time we had become used to surprises that we no longer voiced our opinion. However, as we are about to glance onward we hear one tourist ask (as you know tourists love to ask questions) if Laura could tell them the road to the home of Louise Dressel. We immediately are all attention and follow eagerly the course of the car. At a modest little home it stopped. Louise, still Miss Dressel, lived here in this small town of Pumpkin Center. She and Virgie Wade together held full sway in all kinds of civic work, as well as sponsoring the Ladies Aid Society, Woman's Association, and aiding as enthusiastic workers in the W. C. T. U. Their little, round faces showed interest and ambition, and we go on satisfied that they are happy.

"Do look," said Mary, "will girls never learn the danger of this cruel world? There is one girl walking along the highway with all her earthly belongings under her arm, I'll bet, thinking when she reaches th big city she'll make her fortune. Oh! this inconceivable younger generation!"

Of course we look, and to our amazement, recognize in the berated one, the smiling, happy-go-lucky countenance of Velma Elliott.

"Be not afraid for her," quoth Ernestine. "She'll take care of herself.

"Come, Come, let us not look all the time at the United States—let us go to Europe," said Marjorie.

This we do with Mary giving a backward glance of concern at the trudging figure of the hitch hiker. In England the crowds are agog at the feats of the Plett Sisters. We could not miss this. Erma proved to have become a second Einstein while Margaret was astonishing everyone with her undefeated championship of the 1941 marathon.

Among the noted personages in England we found Rockefeller, Junior and were astounded at the fact that he had conformed to the customs of England by having a woman chauffeur. This would not have been so peculiar had not this chauffeur proved to be Winnie Nordwell, of our old class.

Claude Woods we find at the head of a manufacturing firm in the heart of Russia's idustrial center. The product which had brought him success and money was the invention of a new clothes pin. Success to Claude!

Perhaps we are most astounded when we locate Florenz Wedgwood—can you guess?—a very charming dancer of great talent. Paris worships at her feet, as well it may.

Only one other do we find in Paris—and we find her in a hospital. Her charity and kindness toward her patients was admirable. We smiled with recognition as we saw the face of Amanda Westermann under the white of the nurse's cap. Above the door of entrance to the hospital was a sign. It read "Home for Blind Mice, Excellent care."

Mary as usual must visit the colleges and here again we find someone we know. Tom Wilson with his appropriate horn-rimmed glasses scowled threateningly over his nose at a roomful of English students at Oxford. We were glad to see him doing so nicely and journeyed on to a newspaper office which Marjorie was interested in seeing. Here amongst the array of disorder and confusion we find the second red-head in our class. Amidst the hurry and flurry, Cora Watson was seen to write off reams of sob story for the hungry public to eat up. As we left this building we suddenly came to the conclusion—that we had seen everyone of our classmates, and turning to Saint Peter we questioned him to be sure. But Saint Peter was nowhere to be seen—there was no Saint Peter—the pearly gates of heaven were behind us. We were falling—falling—with empty space below us.

"Help, Help!" shrieks the terrified Marjorie. "I'm falling—falling—I tell you I'm falling-g-g!"

"Open that parachute!" screams Mary as she passes her like a streak of lightening.

The addled Marjorie then realizes that they have left their parachutes strapped to their backs. What a relief! Their only salvation! But Ernestine, where is she? Did her parachute open or is she being dashed to pieces upon some foreign shore? Her fear is shortlived, however, for far to the eastward she spies Ernestine rocking and squirming under the great parachute.

Hitting the ground with a thud several minutes later, the three old maids are rendered unconscious, not by the fall but by the awful fright. For indeed, you must remember that these old maids had been leading a very common-place and uneventful life and such a sudden thrill comes

very near being too much for them.

A short while later in a nearby hospital, Marjorie, rousing herself with a start, grasps the edge of her cot and cries, "Mary! Mary! Is that you? Where are we? What?"

"Oh, that Johnson-Brown School of Aeronautics," sputters Mary, "It's a fake! a frost! a fraud! I told you so, I didn't want to do it in the first place! Oh dear me, dear me! Where's Ernestine, is she——?"

"Yes, I'm all here," calls Ernestine from her little white bed in the corner.

"You're all here, huh, well, I wonder! I don't believe that any of us were all there, to enter that silly altitude contest. You can take my word for it, no more of that stuff for me!"

"Nor me!" chime in Marjorie and Ernestine simultaneously as they sink back on their pillows to rest their aching heads.

ENCHANTMENT

There's a strange and towering forest,
Tall, majestic, does it stand,
Far away from all civilization
In a strange and distant land.

There the roebuck plays at midnight
Under the star-lit sky,
And the fire-fly in all glory
Flits slowly by. . .

In the eve the whip-poor-will whistles
And the lone wolf howls on the hill,
While the moon sails upward in the heavens
And sinks when the morning is still.

But they say that a strange enchantment
Lies over that forest now.
No man ever enters that forest;
No man knows exactly how.

And maybe that's the reason
Why I long to see it so.
But where, oh, where, shall I find it?
I know not the way to go.

M. N. '31

I woke to look upon a face—
Silent, white and cold.
Oh! friends; the agony I felt
Can never half be told.
We'd lived together but a year;
Too soon it seemed to see,
Those gentle hands outstretched and still
That toiled so hard for me.
My waking thoughts had been of one
Who now to sleep had dropped
'Twas hard to realize—Oh! my friends—
My dollar watch had stopped.

C. E. W.

JUNIORS

CLASS COLORS—Old rose and gray
CLASS FLOWER—Pink rose bud
CLASS MOTTO—"Facto non verba"

CLASS OFFICERS

President ..... Gordon Bath
Vice-president ..... Robert Jacroux
Secretary-treasurer ..... Florence Johnson
Simcoe Representative ..... Marguerite Spalding

CLASS ROLL

Frederick Anderson, Gordon Bath, Clara Brokaw, Hilma Bruner, Fleming Byars, William Chapman, Elizabeth Cummens, Henry Davenport, Charles Divers, Jack Dressel, Tommy Esteb, Vera Fuhrman, George Gunkel, Gayle Hobbs, Otis Jackson, Robert Jacroux, Florence Johnson, Frank Lainhart, Glenn Lee, Maxine McAllister, Marie McDowell, Mary McEwen, Paul McEwen, Ruth Mort, George Nickerson, Clayton Roloff, Josephine Sanders, John Scheel, Emma Seibold, Marjorie Smith, Marguerite Spalding, Donald VanHoy, Freda Watson, Ruth Young.

JUNIOR CLASS HISTORY

Three years ago, September 9, 1928, we, a bewildered group of forty-eight Freshmen entered the gates of a strange institution which was to us only an unfriendly name—"Goldendale High School." We were eager children—awed and somewhat anxious but nevertheless, eager—eager to become at home in that large brick building that frowned down at us so convincingly stern.

We underwent the experience, which was somewhat unpleasant, of being initiated, at a party given by the illustrious Seniors. However, after this we felt a great deal more at home.

We elected as officers: Mary McEwen, president; Frederick Anderson, vice-president; Freda Watson, secretary-treasurer; Ruth Young, Simcoe representative; and Miss Porter, class adviser.

When school opened the following year, our number had diminished to thirty-eight. Except for the Armistice Day program and the Sophomore picnic, which we held at Northwestern Lake, that year was comparatively uneventful. Our officers were: Jack Dressel, president; Florence Johnson, vice-president; Maxine McAllister, secretary-treasurer; Paul McEwen, Simcoe representative; and Miss Shelton, class adviser.

On September 10, 1930, we returned to school, Juniors at last, the largest class in school. As officers we elected the following: Gordon Bath, president; Robert Jacroux, vice-president; Florence Johnson, secretary-treasurer; Marguerite Spalding, Simcoe representative; and Miss Shelton, class adviser. During this year we made an exceedingly good showing. We were well represented on all the athletic teams—two boys and two girls on the basketball teams, and ten boys on the football team. Our Prom and our play were both clever and well-attended.

M. S. '32

SOPHOMORES

CLASS COLORS—Rose pink and green

CLASS FLOWER—Pink peony

CLASS MOTTO—"Be a lifter, not a leaner."

CLASS OFFICERS

President	Howard Spalding
Vice-president	Kirk McKee
Secretary	Loren Hamilton
Treasurer	Inez Robertson
Simcoe Representative	Maxine Welter

CLASS ROLL

Doris Baker, Nedra Bowman, Vernita Bowman, Edith Bratton, Donald Brewer, Ernest Brokaw, Martin Cahill, Helen Collins, Violet Conlee, Allen Counts, Maravene Crooks, Loren Hamilton, Mitchell Henslee, Richard Hobbs, Edna Huot, Donald Jackson, Nelda Jamison, James Lefever, Roy Linden, Betty McCann, Kirk McKee, Chester McKune, Dorothy Miller, Della Norris, Myrel Powell, Inez Robertson, Edna Sanstrum, Clarence Schroder, Raymond Selle, Frances Smith, Howard Spalding, Walter Story, Mildred Swan, Nellie Tallman, Willis Trowbridge, Virginia Tubandt, Velma Warren, Woodrow Watson, Maxine Welter.

SOPHOMORE HISTORY

On an early September day in 1929, forty-six humble Freshmen slipped into high school trying not to be noticed by the haughty Seniors. The attempt did not seem to have any effect, however, for we were given a very interesting initiation. The Freshmen later entertained the Seniors at a Hallowe'en party.

With Miss Bleakney as class adviser, we elected for the year: Maxine Welter, president; Kirk McKee, vice-president; Loren Hamilton, secretary-treasurer; Freda Watson, Simcoe representative.

The May Day program was given by the Freshmen with great success. One of the features was a dance by Vernita Bowman.

Our class picnic was held at McEwen's ranch north of Goldendale. Although the rain came down for a while, it did not dampen our spirits.

Our class entered into the spirit of the school and was well represented in both the Glee Clubs and athletics.

At the beginning of the 1930-1931 school year, with Miss Bleakney again as class adviser, we elected the following officers: Howard Spaldinng, president; Kirk McKee, vice-president; Inez Robertson, secretary-treasurer; Maxine Welter, Simcoe representative.

The Armistice day program was in charge of the Sophomores, who again made the program a success. Howard Spalding, our president, introduced Rev. Young the guest speaker, and Inez Robertson, who read a paper on the history of the state of Washington.

This year we have four members in the Girls Glee Club. Seven of the Torch Honor members are Sophomores.

In the interclass basketball games, both boys' and girls' teams received third place.

M. W. '33

FRESHMEN

CLASS COLORS—Lavender and yellow
CLASS FLOWER—Chrysanthemum
CLASS MOTTO—"The road to success is not a pathway of flowers."

CLASS OFFICERS

President ..... Beatrice Overly
Vice-president ..... Lloyd McDonald
Secretary-treasurer ..... Lenore Dingmon
Simcoe Representative ..... Jean Johnson

CLASS ROLL

Lawrence Allison, Floyd Bartmess, Jack Coffield, Henry Culver, Unice Delaney, Lenore Dingmon, Robert Hoctor, Nellie Jackson, Jean Johnson, Maurice Lawler, Jack McAllister, Lloyd McDonald, Edward Modes, Ruth Morehead, Beatrice Overly, Vernon Rude, Cecil Schuster, Orville Watson, Merle Winterstein, Beatrice Young, Billy Young, Melvin Mattson, Loris Baker, Denton Drury.

FRESHMAN CLASS HISTORY

We started our career in G. H. S. in 1930-31.

We selected class officers, and after a few alternatives and reelections, we now present the following officers: President, Beatrice Overly; Vice-President, Lloyd McDonald; Secretary-Treasurer, Lenore Dingman; Simcoe Representative, Jean Johnson; Class Representative to Student Body, Beatrice Young and Jack Coffield; Class Adviser, Mrs. Warren.

Of course, the Seniors gave us the customary "Welcome Party" that most of us call "Frosh Initiation."

To show that we had the school spirit, we entertained the Student Body at an "Execution," serving a delightful luncheon at the close of the evening. Both the Faculty and the Student Body assured us that they enjoyed our return Mixer.

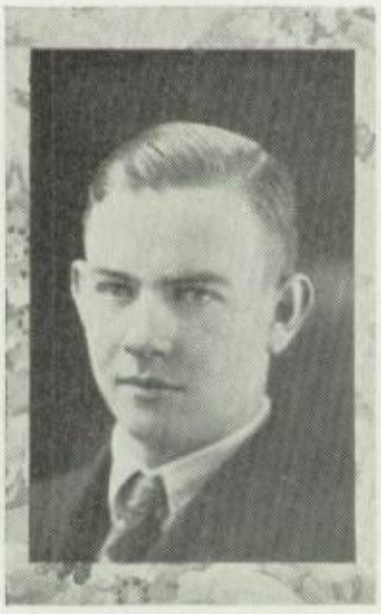
The Freshmen are entering actively into school life. We contributed three players to Coach Van Woert's football team: Robert Hoctor, Edward Modes, and Henry Culver. Henry also was a member of the basketball team.

On May Day we entertained the Student Body with a worthy May Day progrom.

Now, on the last day of school, we are all thankful that no longer are we "Freshmen" but—Sophomores!

J. V. J. '34

In Memorium



AUGUST MILLER

JAMES WILLIS

Far from the maddening crowds ignoble strife,
Their sober wishes never learned to stray.
Along the cool, sequestered vale of life
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

ALUMNI

Class of 1928

ALLISON, KATHRYN—Attending University of Oregon.
BARNES, MARJORIE—Mrs. Norman Jones, Wishram.
BRATTON, ELIZABETH—Teaching in Bickleton.
BROOKS, PHYLLIS—Mrs. Ernest Mattson, Goldendale.
CAHILL, JAMES—Working in Portland.
COLLINS, HERBERT—Working in Kansas City, Missouri.
DAVENPORT, LEO—At home near Goldendale.
DAVIS, IRMA—Living in Seattle.
DAWSON, EREN—Teaching near Goldendale.
DRURY, HESTER—Mrs. Donofro, Seattle.
ELLIOTT, FLORENCE, Teaching near Battleground, Washington.
GREEN, MAURENE—Living in Medford, Oregon.
HARDIN, BLOSSOM—At home in Goldendale.
HARLAN, BESSIE—Living in Seattle.
HILL, ELIZABETH—Mrs. Charles McKillip, Goldendale.
HOBBS, ROBERT—Working in Goldendale.
JAEKEL, JOHN—Attending Washington State College.
JACROUX, ALFRED—Working in Goldendale.
JACROUX, JUNIOR—Working in Goldendale.
KELLEHER, JACK—Working in Goldendale.
LOCY, MARJORIE—Working in Goldendale.
LOUGHARY, ARLINE—Attending Oregon State College.
MILLER, CLAUDE—Working near Goldendale.
MONTGOMERY, ZELMA—Living in Bend, Oregon.
MOORE, WANDA—Toledo, Washington.
MUSGRAVE, TED—Working in Portland.
OLSEN, RAY—Working in Goldendale.
SCHUSTER, MYRA—Nurse's Training, Good Samaritan hospital, Portland.
SELLE, VELMA—Attending Bellingham Normal School.
SHEPARD, PEARL—Teaching in Goldendale.
SMART, CLARA—Mrs. Harry Dew, Wenatchee, Washington.
SPOON, ARAH—Mrs. Harold Milby, Pendleton, Oregon.

Class of 1929

ABELING, HERMANN—At home near Goldendale.
BARNES, CLAUDIA—Living in Bingen.
CAIN, MARY—Attending Whitman College.
CROOKS, KATHRYN—Mrs. Mel Davidson, The Dalles, Oregon.
DIVERS, MARCELLA—Attending Ellensburg Normal.
ELLIOTT, MAXINE—Attending Success Business College, Seattle.
FENTON, RALPH—Working near Oakland, California.
GANGUIN, CLARA—Living near Goldendale.
GUNKEL, RALPH—Attending Washington State College.

JENSEN, MALCOLM—Working in Myrtle Point, Oregon.
LEAR, MARJORIE—Working in Goldendale.
McKUNE, VELORA—Mrs. Melvin Brock, Goldendale.
MILLER, IONA—Working in Goldendale.
MONTGOMERY, MARCELLE—Attending Washington State College.
MORGAN, HOWARD—Working near Goldendale.
NICKERSON, RALPH—Working in Goldendale.
NORRIS, RUTH—At home near Goldendale.
OLSEN, GORDON—Working near White Salmon.
RICHARSON, ORVILLE—Attending Whitman College.
ROE, ELSIE—Attending Ellensburg Normal.
ROLOFF, CARMEN—Working in Vancouver.
SEGRAVES, RUTH—Mrs. Clarence Holter, Goodne Hills.

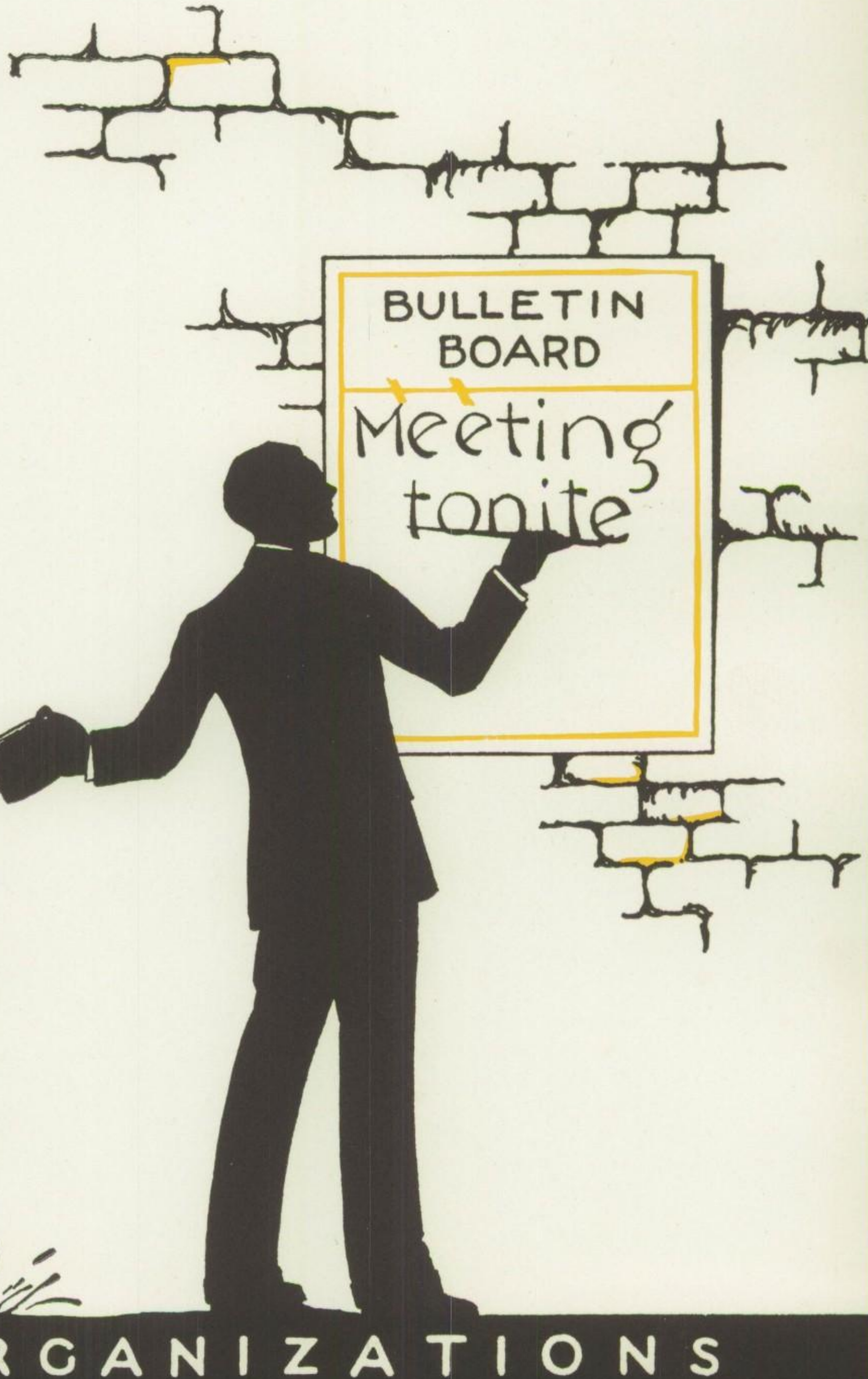
Class of 1930

ALLISON, EDWARD—Attending Washington State College.
BANKERD, MILDRED—Attending Ellensburg Normal.
BRATTON, HOWARD—Working in Goldendale.
COFFIELD, JEAN—Mrs. Carl Laudenbach, Centralia.
DUGGER, CHESTER—Working in Goldendale.
EDDIE, MYRIAM—At home in Goldendale.
FARGUSON, RAYMOND—Attending Washington State College.
GOSNEY, FAY—At home in Goldendale.
HALL, JAMES—At home in Goldendale.
JACKSON, LEO—At home near Goldendale.
JACKSON, MILDRED—Mrs. Ehrman Van de Vanter, Goldendale.
LEAR, FRED—Working in Goldendale.
LUDLUM, ROBERT—Attending Washington State College.
McEWEN, CHARLES—Working near Goldendale.
MILLER, AUGUST—Deceased.
MILLER, VIOLET—At home in Goldendale.
PRIDHAM, RICKARD—Working near Goldendale.
RICHARDSON, GENEVIEVE—Mrs. Ted Kaidera, Goldendale.
RICHARDSON, RONALD—At home near Goldendale.
ROE, DANIEL—At home near Goldendale.
SELLE, MARGARET—Living in Vancouver.
SHELLADY, GUY—At home in Goldendale.
SILVER, OLETA—At home in Goldendale.
SPALDING, HARRIETT—Attending Washington State College.
SPOON, NORMA—Attending Decker Business College, Portland.
TOBIN, BERTHA—At home near Goldendale.
WARD, THURMAN—Attending University of Washington.
WATSON, VERA—Attending Metropolitan Business College, Seattle.
WATSON, WARREN—Working in Sunnyside.
WILKINS, CLARA—Attending Business College, Vancouver.
WILLIS, JAMES—Deceased.
WINTER, LESTER—Attending Washington State College.

SNAPS
MEET THE MISSUS
ON A HILLTOP
Juniors
JUST MAX
PEGGY
AT A PARTY
AT SCHOOL
3 LITTLE(?) LAMBS
THE ROCK PILE
ROCK OF AGES
TINY
SCHOOL DAYS
SLEEPING BEAUTIES

SONGS WITH CONNECTIONS

Maxine McAllister—Oh! For The Love Of That Butcher Boy!
Reo Young—Song Of The Wanderer!
Laura Coley—Me Too! Ho, Ho, Ha, Ha!
Natalie Lawler—I'll Never Love Anybody But You!
Della Norris—Giggling Gertie!
Tom Wilson—I've Gotta Get Myself Somebody To Love!
Ruth Young—Here Jack, Here Jack, Don't You Hear? Won't You Please Come Back?
Margaret Moore—Six Feet of Papa!
Margaret McEewen—Freckles!
Paul McEwen—Gimme A Little Kiss Won't Ya, Huh?
Wilma Adams—Here We Go Gathering Nuts In May!
Frank Lainhart—Put Yours Arms Where They Belong!
Barbara Wendorf—Oh! Baby, Look What You've Done To Me!
Elizabeth Kayser—They Go Wild, Simply Wild, Over Me!
Louise Dressel—How Am I To Know!
Donald Vanhoy—I'm A Ding Dong Daddy From Duma!
Josephine Sanders—Henry Made A Lady Out of Josie!
Marjorie LeBlanc—That Certain Party!
Mary McEwen—It All Depends On You!
Doris Roberts—Finding The Long Way Home!
Velma Elliot—I'm Alone Because I Love You!
Maravene Crooks—Go Home And Tell My Mother!
Cora Watson—I'm Dangerous Nan McGrew!
Fred Anderson—Give Yourself A Pat On The Back!
Fleming Byars—I Wish I'd Been Satisfied With Mary!
Lois Spalding—As We Parted At The Gate!
Marvin Kamholz—Am I Wasting My Time On You?
Edward Modes—I Wanna Be Known As Maravene's Feller!
Jack Dressel—My Girl's Got Eye Trouble!
Gordon Bath—I'm A Stern Old Bachelor!
Bobby Hoctor—There Ain't No Maybe In My Baby's Eyes!
Bob Jacroux—How I Love The Ladies!
Bill Chapman—Out In The New Mown Hay!
Ruth Mort—Up In The Air With You!
George Nickerson—You Gotta Know How To Love!
Mr. Bacher—Poor Papa!
Miss Shelton—You Can Go As Far As You Like With Me In My Merry Oldsmobile!
Mrs. Bacher—There's Something Nice About Everyone!
Miss Bleakney—Pretty Little Baby!
Ross L. Van Woert—Take Your Finger Out Of Your Mouth!
Henry Davenport—I Didn't Raise My Ford To Be A Jitney!



ORGANIZATIONS

TORCH HONOR SOCIETY

The Torch Honor Society organized this year with a membership of nineteen. The following officers were elected: President, Margaret McEwen; Vice-president, Louise Dressel; Secretary-treasurer, Reo Young. At the first meeting, the group discussed ways in which it could be of service to the school at large. It was finally decided that a service award for leading students in school activities be established. This award would be in the form of a plaque upon which would be inscribed from year to year the names of the winning boy and girl. This proposition is to be sponsored by the Torch Society with the final authority of naming winners left to the faculty.

The year's activities of the Society closed with the annual Banquet.

PURPLE "G" CLUB

Frank Lainhart ..... President
Robert Jacroux ..... Secretary-treasurer

Active Members

Reo Young, William Chapman, Henry Davenport, Fleming Byars, Mitchell Henslee, Edward Modes, Frederick Anderson, Jack Dressel, Robert Hoctor, Arthur Perry, Henry Culver, Paul McEwen, Thomas Esteb, George Nickerson.

The seven lettermen of the high school met towards the latter part of the semester and elected their officers for the year. They later had a meeting which included the initiates and adopted a schedule which was carried out during the year.

There are sixteen active lettermen in the organization this year, only two of which will graduate, although there are six that will not be eligible for athletics next year. Reo Young, one of the graduating members, will receive his gold "G", having earned the required number of letters during his high school career.

The Purple "G" banquet was held during the Christmas vacation. There was lots to eat—thanks to the M. E. Ladies Aid. There was a program following during the evening in which were numerous musical numbers and speeches. One of our alumni, Mr. Zola Brooks, acted as toastmaster.

The dance was held the same evening as the banquet. Music was furnished by a local orchestra. Every one enjoyed himself and went home happy.

GOLD "G" CLUB

The Gold "G" Club, which was suspended two years ago because of the character of the initiation performed, was reorganized this year with the consent of the School Board.

Since there was no Club last year, there were only three actual members—Margaret McEwen, Lois Spalding, and Louise Dressel; although Velma Elliott and Maxine McAllister had earned letters last year and thereby fulfilled requirements for membership. At the end of the basketball season this year five more girls were eligible for membership: Wilma Adams, Florence Bratton, Natalie Lawler, Mary McEwen, and Margaret Moore.

At a meeting of the above ten girls, Louise Dressel was elected president; Margaret McEwen, vice-president; and Lois Spalding, secretary-treasurer.

The three officers being the only regular members planned, with the aid of Miss Shelton, an initiation for the seven remaining girls.

This initiation was given, in the form of a party, on Thursday, February 26, at the high school. It was a very delightful affair of the year.

Only two of the ten members will be in school next year, but we feel sure that the Gold "G" Club will henceforth be a permanent organization in G. H. S.

N. L. S. '31

BOYS' GLEE CLUB

President ..... William Chapman
Vice-president ..... Robert Jacroux
Secretary-treasurer ..... Kirk McKee

The Boys' Glee Club was organized in 1911. It's purpose was to create a greater appreciation and a greater understanding of the fundamentals of music.

Although there were only thirteen members of the Boys' Glee Club this year, with the combined efforts of the Girls' and Boys' Glee Clubs, and the very arduous work on the part of our music instructor, Mrs. Warren, we put on a very successful program, on March fifth, consisting of two one act plays, and several numbers by both Girls' and Boys' Glee Clubs.

K. W. M. '33

Members: William Chapman, Robert Jacroux, Kirk McKee, Loren Hamilton, George Nickerson, Roy Linden, Chester McKune, Tom Wilson, Reo Young, Jack McAllister, Marvin Kamholz, Fleming Byars, Jack Dressel.

HARMONY CLUB

The first meeting of the Harmony Club was held on September 16, 1930. As is the usual custom, we elected officers. The following officers were elected: President, Margaret McEwen; Vice-president, Natalie Lawler; Secretary-treasurer, Maxine McAllister.

We decided to have dresses of uniform style of pastel colors, each girl choosing her favorite color. The Harmony Club was selected as the new name of the organization, this is the first year that the Glee Club has had a special name.

We all have worked hard in making our All-High Program a success.

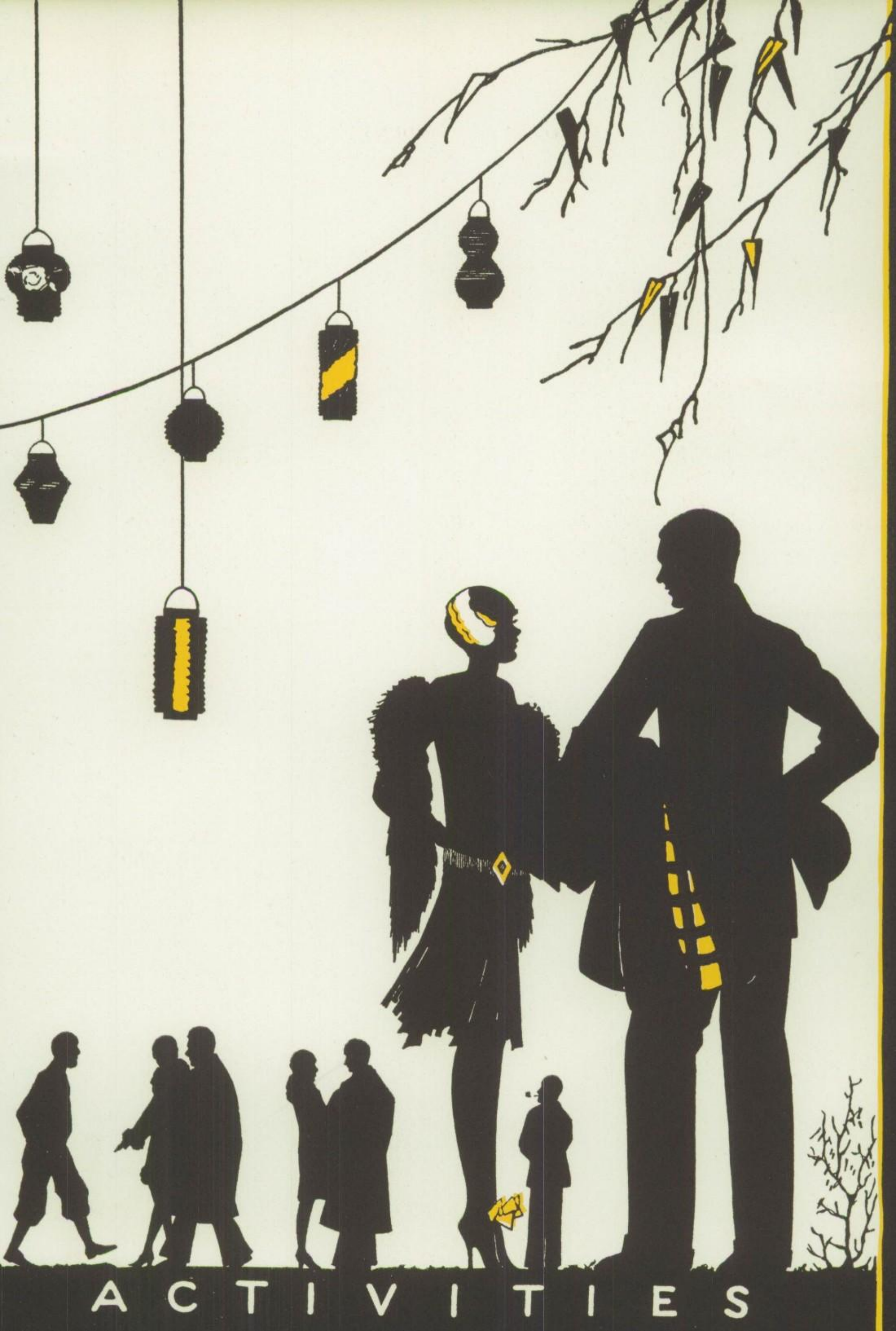
The Harmony Club sang in a number of programs this year including a Woman's Association program and school entertainments.

Under the efficient direction of Mrs. Warren our Harmony Club has become an organization of which we are all proud to be members.

M. Mc. '32

SIMCOE STAFF

Editor ..... Margaret McEwen
Assistant Editor ..... Louise Dressel
Faculty Adviser ..... Miss Bleakney
Assistant Faculty Adviser ..... Mr. Bacher
Business Manager ..... Jack Dressel
Assistant Business Manager ..... Glenn Lee
Art Editor ..... Charles Spoon
Assistant Art Editor ..... Jack Dressel
Clubs and Organizations ..... Mary McEwen
Literary ..... Mary Nelson
Society ..... Laura Coley
Alumni ..... Florence Bratton
Girls' Athletics ..... Lois Spalding
Boys' Athletics ..... Reo Young
Poetry ..... Margaret Plett
Typists ..... Velma Elliott, Eleanor Amundson, Maude Myers
Calendar ..... Erma Plett
Special Feature ..... George Gunkel, Ruth Young, Doris Roberts
Joke Editor ..... Maxine McAllister
Senior Representative ..... Margaret Moore
Junior Representative ..... Marguerite Spalding
Sophomore Representative ..... Maxine Welter
Freshman Representative ..... Jean Johnson
Snaps ..... Elizabeth Kayser


ACTIVITIES

SOCIETY

MIXERS

Shortly after school started the Freshmen were properly initiated and installed into G. H. S. at a party given in their honor by the Seniors.

The Frosh wisely complied with the Seniors' request that the boys wear knee breeches, short socks, and a band of true Freshman green about their right arm; the girls donned dresses of their grandmothers day.

Some oratorical and dramatic talent was discovered in the course of the impromptu entertainment which the Frosh were obliged to present.

Delicious refreshments were served in the domestic science rooms and everyone went home feeling happy and well-acquainted.

A few weeks later the Freshmen returned the compliment by giving a very successful party for the Seniors. A short program was given, refreshments were served in the domestic science rooms, and the evening was finished pleasantly in dancing.

PROGRAMS

As in the past the Seniors entertained the student body on December twenty-third with a Christmas Party. After listening to an interesting program we were treated to a visit by Santa Claus himself. This distinguished personage read many letters written to him by students and some by the faculty. Before he left we were each given a present from beneath the Christmas tree, and some candy and nuts.

The Juniors presented a very original Valentine program in the form of a broadcast from radio station LOVE. There were, too, the customary valentines and candy hearts.

May Day was celebrated by a spring time program given by the Freshmen.

On Armistice Day the Sophomores gave a program of musical numbers and readings appropriate to the day.

PURPLE "G" BANQUET

The annual Purple "G" banquet and dance were held on Tuesday evening, December twenty-ninth.

The banquet was served for Purple "G" Club members and their ladies at the Methodist Church. Z. O. Brooks, as toast master, called upon Edward Allison, in the absence of Frank Lainhart, president of the

Club, to give a welcome to the new members. The response was made by Bill Chapman. Interesting talks were given by Bob Jacroux and Reo Young; Ray Olsen and Ruth Norris sang; Maxine McAllister played a piano solo; and John R. McEwen gave an address, "Athletics and School Reputation."

After dinner the participants went on to the High School for the dance, to which the rest of the G. H. S. student body and many other guests were invited. The auditorium was simply but very distinctively decorated in purple and gold.

JUNIOR PROM

A Spanish garden was artistically created by the class of 1933 on April seventeenth, when they gave the annual Prom in honor of the graduating Seniors.

Lattice work erected around the hall and hung with various colored wisteria added to the beauty of the scene. The lights and windows were draped with long streamers of crepe paper in pastel shades. Along the balconies were draped Spanish scarves—lavender, gold, and black being the predominating colors. The Simcolians, who furnished the music for the evening were dressed as Spanish troubadours. Two Spanish maidens served punch from a beautifully appointed booth, on each side of which were small tables at which onlookers might sit. Davenports and floor lamps added to the effectiveness of the hall.

During the intermission a clever program was given. Edward Bacher and Marjorie Moore gave a song and dance skit; Margaret McEwen gave a Spanish Gypsy dance; the Junior Trio, Ruth Mort, Ruth Young, and Mary McEwen, sang two Spanish songs. A popular song written by Alice Collins was presented for the first time.

This second formal event of the school year proved to be a very successful one financially as well as socially.

MOTHER'S TEA

On the afternoon of May eighth the girls of G. H. S. entertained the mothers of our community at their annual Mother's Tea. The auditorium was beautiful with lovely flowers and well-filled with ladies.

The delightful program consisted of several selections by the girls Glee Club, some numbers by the sextette, a vocal solo, a piano solo, and some appropriate readings.

After being served with tea and dainty sandwiches the ladies were introduced to one another and were encouraged to spend the rest of the afternoon in pleasant chatting.

GOLD "G" CLUB

February twenty-sixth was the date of one of the most attractive social events of the season, when the members of the Gold "G" Club, girls' athletic association, entertained the newly elected members.

After a clever initiatory program, the club members, their friends, and faculty members were entertained with dancing and games. Refreshments were served at the close of the evening in the Domestic Science rooms. The rooms were cleverly decorated with huge purple and gold rosettes and streamers. The lights were dimmed by purple shades. Lunch was served at small tables, which were decorated to carry out the color scheme, with golden "G's" and slender purple tapers.

SENIOR BALL

In May, the Seniors presented, very successfully, their annual ball. The auditorium was transformed in the dazzling white of the North Pole. Sparkling snow and crystal icicles clung to walls and windows and swayed gracefully from the light fixtures.

The many dancers were refreshed with delicious punch served by dark-skinned Eskimo maids and entertained by clever intermission numbers offered by some of the tiny-tot performers of our school.

The orchestra, appropriately clad in costumes of the north, made music which was greatly appreciated by all attending.

G. H. S. CALENDAR FOR 1930-1931

SEPTEMBER

8—School starts.
9—First football practice—good turn out. We ought to have a good team.
15—Class meetings for the purpose of electing officers and advisers.
16—Girls Clee Club organized and have first practice—we have a good club this year.
19—The Freshmen given their instructions as to costumes and conduct during the next week, prior to their initiation.
19—First Student Body meeting. Patrolman Williams gave a talk on "Safety First."
20—Boys had a practice football game with the alumni and were defeated.
22—Freshmen Board of Control members elected.
23—Student Membership Drive. Seniors first, Freshmen second, and Juniors third. The Sophomores failed to make 100%.
26—Football with Prosser. They beat 12 to 0. This is the first game we have played on our new field.
26—Freshman Mixer—a good program by the Freshmen in the way of initiation, good eats by the Seniors, and dancing afterwards till 11 o'clock.
29—Art exhibit begins. The Primary school is sponsoring the exhibition of pictures from the Colonial Art Company.

OCTOBER

1-2—Programs given after school by Primary and Grammar school pupils in connection with the art exhibit. Very good.
2—Girls' basketball practice begins, with only a little over a week to get ready for the first game. Our girls' team is playing in the pre-season league this fall.
3—Football at Dufur. They won 13 to 0.
10—We beat White Salmon 7 to 6. This is the first big football game and a hard fought one. Played here.
17—Boys lost a game to Hood River 26-0 and the girls lost a basketball game to Trout Lake 29-22.
18—All the football boys went to Portland to see the U. of W. vs. U. of O. game. From all reports they had a mighty good time.
20—First report cards—Seniors have high honors.
24—Victory! Boys beat Moro here 12-0, and the girls played Lyle at Centerville, winning 26-10.
27-28—Institute, so vacation for all but the teachers.
29—School again. Teachers filled with new ideas.
31—Camas won from our boys 20-0, but our girls beat Bickleton 55-29.

NOVEMBER

7—Boys played Wasco at Wasco and won 7 to 6. Mighty good game and everybody happy.

7—Freshman return mixer. Lots of fun and good refreshments. Dancing afterwards till 11:00.

10—Girls played at Lyle and beat 40-14.

11—Armistice Program by the Sophomore class with a talk by Mr. Young. Then everyone went to White Salmon to help beat them 6-0. We were happy.

14—Football at The Dalles—we lost to them 56 to 0.

25—Faculty play "Happiness for Six." This play was given by the members of our high school faculty to help the scool financially and it was a big success in every way—good play, good acting, and a big crowd.

26—Out of school at 2:30 for Thanksgiving vacation.

27—Thanksgiving!

DECEMBER

2-3—Boy's interclass basketball games. Good games, with the championship carried off by the Juniors.

5—Teachers took the day off to visit Portland schools. This is a part of their institute which they did not take at the time when the other schools in the county took it.

12—Wasco here for basketball and succeeded in gaining a victory from us of 32-2. Our girls beat the Wasco girls 32-14.

18—Drew names for Christmas Tree.

19—Senior Class Play, "Crooks for a Month." A very good three act comedy with lots of laughs. College students go out to make extra money, the trouble they get into doing it.

20—Boys basketball team played at Odell but failed to win the hard-fought game. The score was 19-10 in Odell's favor.

22—The eighth grade boys gave a play for the grammar school pupils and we of the high school got to see it. There was some good acting and we should be able to use a lot of it in a year or so.

23—School Christmas Tree and program by the Seniors. The faculty presented the students with a lovely emblem banner to supplement our flag which they gave us two years ago. Our school emblem was embroidered upon the banner by Mrs. Shelton.

23—Community Christmas tree and program given in the auditorium. A big crowd out to see Santa even if the electricity was off and gas lamps had to be procured.

24—Christmas vacation starts—no school for two weeks!

JANUARY

1—Girls had a basketball game with the alumni, who seem to have kept the good team they had while in high school, for they beat us 10-7 in a fast, close game.

3—The girls lost a game to Wasco, 26-24. This is their last game this season, but they have had a very excellent season.

5—School again after a much appreciated, long vacation. Miss Hall is now Mrs. Warren—she was married Christmas day.

5-6—The girls' interclass basketball games were played with the result that the Seniors carried off the highest honors, with the Juniors second.

10—The boys played at Hood River and lost the game 33-10 after a hard fight.

13—Assembly in which the girls' basketball letters were awarded and the exemptions for semester examinations announced.

14-15-16—Semester Exams.

16—School in the afternoon for the arrangement of the new schedules and the giving of a "Temperance and Citizenship" program by the students of Mrs. Warren's freshman Social Civivc class.

17—The boys played Hood River here and won 24-21. This makes us more nearly even with Hood River since they defeated us last week.

22—Assembly for Standard Oil Broadcast and pep rally for Friday's game.

23—Game with Centerville. We won 19-15.

30-Basketball here with White Salmon. They beat 23-8. Our second team beat White Salmon's 9-7. Both games were as fast and thrilling as any other White Salmon game.

FEBRUARY

4-5—Mr. Eddie took the group and individual pictures for the Simcoe, the weather being so nice and bright.

6—Centerville beat us 32-9 in a game played on their floor. This is the first time in the history of basketball that we have been defeated by Centerville.

13—Juniors gave their annual Valentine program. It was given in the form of a broadcast from station L. O. V. E. and was very clever.

13—The Primary school gave a Midget Minstrel in the high school auditorium at 8:00 o'clock.

14—We beat Moro 19-17 in our last home basketball game. Good game.

20—Basketball at White Salmon. We were defeated. Patrolman Williams took a whole caravan of cars down from here, and we had a mighty big crowd of rooters.

20—The Torch Society organized at noon. Margaret McEwen was elected president, and several plans were advanced as to what the society might do for the school.

21—We defeated Wasco in a game at Wasco, the score being 25-24. This looks quite different from the defeat we had at their hands at the first of the season and certainly shows an improvement in our team.

22—Our teams played Stevenson at Stevenson and lost the game, 31-20.

MARCH

5—All-High Vaudeville given by the members of the Glee Clubs. A clever program and one that everyone enjoyed.

10—Freshman Contest on the Constitution of the United States. A day's trip to Portland was given to the winners by Mr. Bacher to promote the interest of the underclassmen in this event.

13—School contest on the Constitution—A good contest.

27—Junior Class Play, "Second Childhood."

28—County Constitutional Contest.

APRIL

8-9-10—Spring Vacation!

17—Junior Prom. This dance drew a large crowd and every one present was glad he had come. Good music and lovely decorations.

MAY

1—The Freshmen gave their May Day program which was exceptionally good and cleverly given.

15—Senior Ball. The Seniors decorated the hall very beautifully. The ball was a wonderful affair.

22—Community Day with our work up before the public.

24—Baccalaureate.

26—Class Night.

27-28— Final Exams and worry.

28—Commencement.

30—School out for the summer and longer for some of us.

Writing poems and making rhymes
Should be classified as crimes—
Spoiling paper, wasting ink
Using good brains just to think
Silly words without a meaning
Through my dizzy head careening
Tantalizing bits of rhyme
Just elude me all the time
Thoughts confused, and visions hazy,
Friends come in and think I'm crazy.
Turning urge, and black despair
Alternately I must bear.
Get to feeling worse and worse
Till I really make a verse
Then from nerves I find release
As I view my masterpiece.

R. Y. '32

SENIOR CLASS PLAY

"Crooks For A Month" given by the Seniors under the able direction of Miss Bleakney proved to be a very humorous hit. There was a modern love story mixed in with the financial struggles of a far-sighted real estate salesman. The attempts of his two children, Doris and Winifred, to help him out of his difficulties led to a mystifying impersonation of an Indian horoscope reader by the hero of the story, Jack York, and many amusing incidents such as the sale of "Creme of The Orient Soap." The cast was as follows.

Jack York	Reo Young
Doris Brentwood	Lois Spalding
Winifred Brentwood	Charles Spoon
Eunice Cassels	Margaret Moore
Marty Copping	Marvin Kamholz
Hilda Fields	Elizabeth Kayser
Mrs. Brentwood	Velma Elliott
Mr. Brentwood	Paul Sanstrum
Fosdick	Walter Hamilton

JUNIOR CLASS PLAY

"Second Childhood" a rollicking comedy given by the Juniors under the direction of Miss Bleakney was most entertaining and successful. The theme was concerned with the complicated love tangle between Sylvia Relyea, Phil Stanton and General Burbeck. Originality and humor were introduced by the confusion wrought by Professor Relyea's apparently successful attempt to return an old man to his babyhood. The cast included:

Prof. Relyea	Clayton Roloff
Mrs. Wellsmiller	Mary McEwen
Sylvia Relyea	Ruth Young
Phil Stanton	Fleming Byars
Gen. Burbeck	Jack Dressel
Mrs. Vivvert	Hilma Bruner
Marcella	Florence Johnson
Sheriff Johnson	Bob Jacroux
Judge Sanderson	Fred Anderson
Lucile	Maxine McAllister
Mrs. Henderson	Emma Seibold
Deputy Sheriff	John Scheel

SCHOOL BENEFITS

FACULTY PLAY

"Happiness for Six" was presented by the High School Faculty on November 25 for the benefit of the Student Body.

The six characters played their parts very well, keeping the interest of the audience until the final curtain.

Mr. Van Woert and Miss Bleakney as Jimmy Talbot and Mrs. Jimmy Talbot, respectively, were truly realistic in their interpretation of the character of a young married couple. Miss shelton as Mignon Wilding, nicknamed "Mig," portrayed the slangy, modern young woman who almost turns out to be a home wrecker—all done unintentionally of course. Ortis Olsen as Harry Purvis, a young reporter, very independent of action, was not at all amendable to the match-making proclivities of Mrs. Talbot. Mrs. Warren as Mrs. Elizabeth Burton, Helen Talbot's mother, and Mr. Bacher as Montrose Carrington, an artist, played the heavier character parts.

The faculty is to be commended for their wholehearted support of the students, especially in the matter of producing their play which required a great deal of their time and also a lot of work.

Miss Bleakney coached the play and was ably assisted by the cast, the members of which exerted themselves to make each individual part a success.

ALL HIGH FUNCTION

The second program given for the benefit of the school was the All-Hi variety program presented by the combined talent of the Boys' and Girls's Glee Clubs.

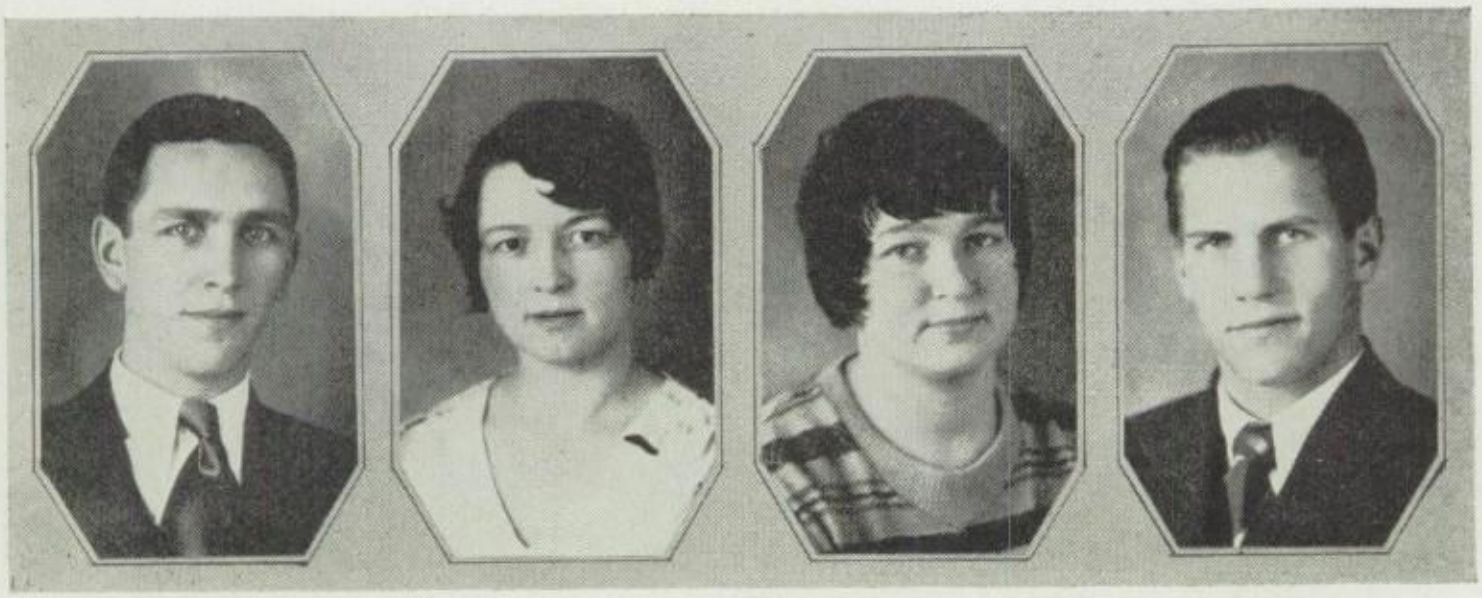
The opening part of the evening's entertainment consisted of musical specialties both vocal and instrumental. Trained choruses and soloists sang and interpreted modern song hits. Interspersed throughout these numbers were humorous reading bringing forth much hearty laughter from the audience.

Then there were two comic one-act plays to furnish more amusement for the pleasure seekers. The first of these to be presented was a farce entitled "You Can't Stop Cupid."

Next, a girls' Sextet sang three delightful interlude numbers which certainly gave the patrons a delightful treat in harmony.

The second playette brought on a new volley of laughs with its mirth-provoking activity. "Hist! She's A Man" was the name.

Credit for the success of this entertainment is due mainly to Mrs. Warren, Glee Club Instructor, who willingly assumed the burden of coaching the two plays and directing all the musical numbers. G. H. S. is surely grateful to her for her efforts.



ATHLETIC COUNCIL

Ross Van Woert possesses the confidence, and ability to make apparently veteran teams out of inexperienced players. Both football and basketball outlook was a gloomy one for G. H. S. But Mr. Van Woert, through much hard work, careful coaching, untiring supervision, was able to create teams well worthy to represent their school. The school and the community realize and appreciate the fine things that Coach Van Woert has accomplished. G. H. S. is indeed fortunate to have a leader and a sportsman of his calibre on its teaching staff.

Cleo Shelton is the girls' athletic director. Her plucky courage, her patience, her sound judgment, and her basic knowledge of the game have made her invaluable to G. H. S. as the girls' basketball coach. Championship teams do not happen. They are created by many hours of exacting practice under the patient, thorough tutelage of a capable coach. It is to Miss Shelton that the success of our girls' basketball team is to be attributed. May we show her our appreciation of her efforts and of her successes.

Maxine has been the leader in maintaining the spirit of the school throughout the year. The Pep Leader cannot sustain enthusiasm alone, she must have the cooperation of her school. Maxine, with her own enthusiasm and true-blue loyalty, has won that support, and has made the school spirit a vital quality in G. H. S.

Robert Jacroux and Maxine McAllister bear the responsibility of the management and inspiration of the student body.

Robert has held his position as Business Manager of the Student Body in an exceptionally efficient manner. He has accepted his responsibilities and transacted them promptly and effectively. Robert is to be congratulated for his administration of the duties of his office.

FOOTBALL PERSONNEL

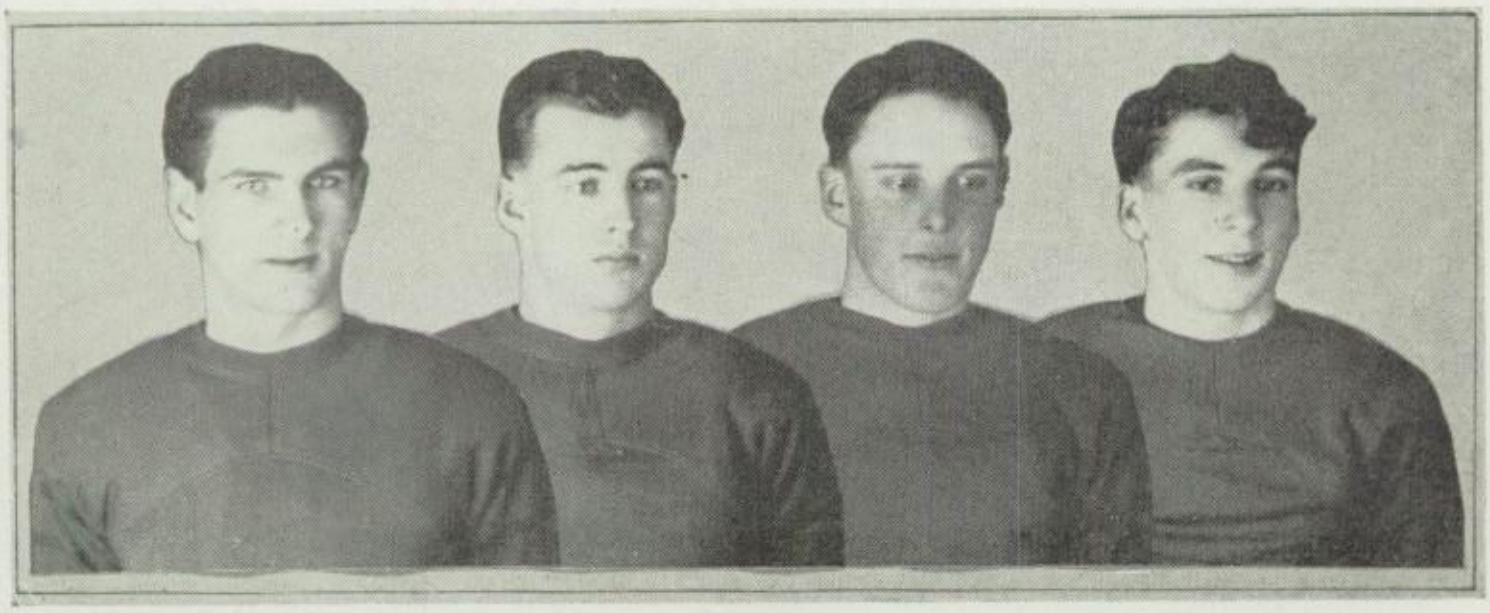
FRANK LAINHART—Captain—Fullback—Three year letter-man. "Frankie" was always in there fighting and inspiring the team to struggle just a little harder. On defense Frank bucked-up the line, stopping every play that came his way. On offense he worked just as effectively, gaining ground on his line plunges or moving out interference for some other backfield man. Frank also handled the punting. This is his last year of service and G. H. S. will surely miss him.

ARTHUR PERRY—Guard and Tackle—Two year letter-man. Arthur played good football and seemed to take great delight in cutting down opposing linemen who got in his way. He was especially effective in plugging up plays through center and guard. On defense he was valuable as an interference runner. This was Arthur's last year.

ROBERT HOCTOR—End—One year letter-man. "Bob" made his share of the tackles. He was adept at disorganizing the interference of his opponents thus making it possible for the secondary to rob the runner. "Bob" also played center as occasion demanded. He will be back for more football.

THOMAS ESTEB—Tackle—One year letter-man. "Tommy" had his first taste of football this year. He was a particularly good defensive lineman, excelling as a wrecker of his opponent's forward wall. He was especially adept at evading would-be blockers and squirming through the line to bring down the runner for a loss. "Tommy" played his last game for G. H. S. this season.

MITCHELL HENSLEE—Half-back—Two year letter-man. "Mike" was a classy back fielder with plenty of speed. He was an expert ground-gainer on long end runs and off-tackle cut-backs. As he still has two more years of service, we ought to see a lot of "Mike" in future football clashes.



HENRY DAVENPORT—Half-back—One year letter-man. "Speed and more speed," was Henry's motto. Once he was started, there was no stopping him. He demonstrated his speed at White Salmon when he ran seventy yards to a touchdown on a plain line play. Henry specialized in long end runs and cut-back plays. Henry played his last high school game this season.

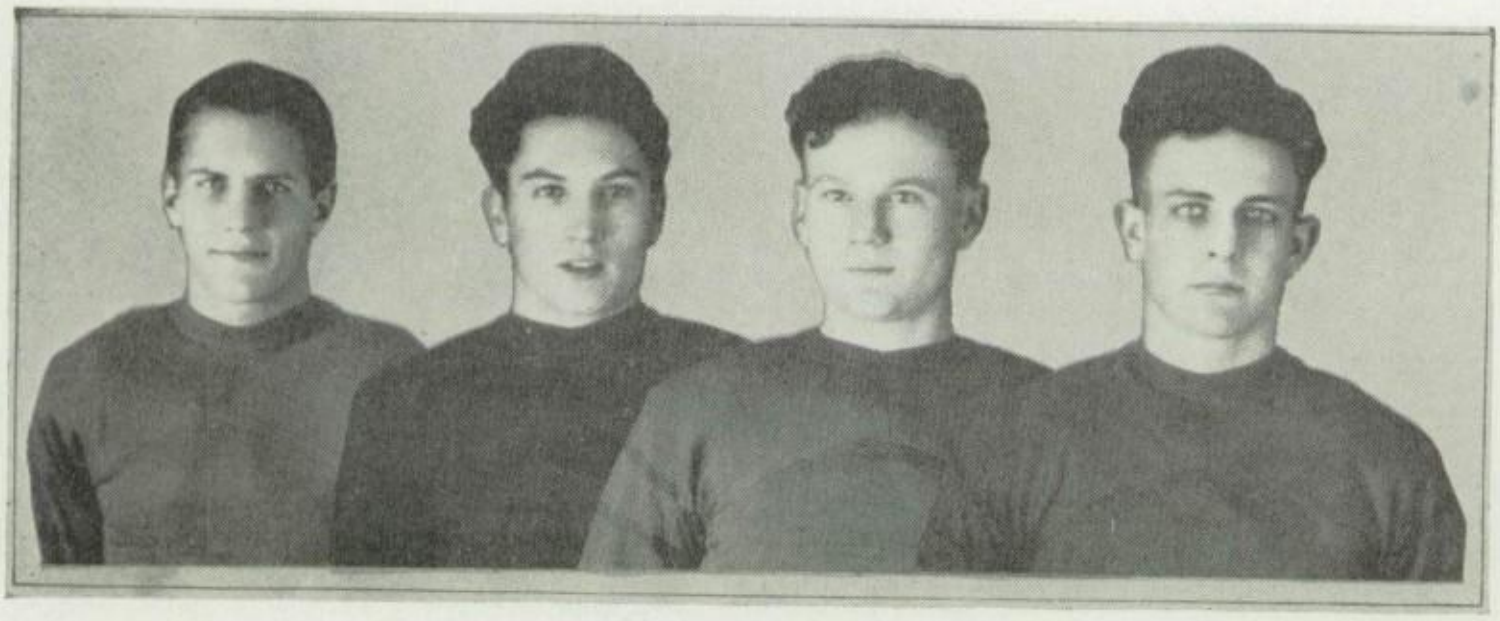
REO YOUNG—Center and End—Two year letter-man. Reo was an excellent scrimmager behind the line of attack. He frequently dropped back to make passes—they were swift and well placed. Reo played his farewell game this season.

HENRY CULVER—End—One year letter-man. "Butch" proved himself a sure tackler and expert pass receiver. He exhibited real class as a defensive end. Opponents seldom got far around his end of the line, for, if he couldn't stop the ball carrier, he would down the interference. "Butch" will be back again next season.

ROBERT JACROUX—Quarterback—Two year letter-man. Moved from guard position to quarter, "Bob" took over the signal calling duties. He proved to be a very able field general and kept the team alert all the time. He could be depended upon to make his share of the yardage as he was on the sending end of most of our passes. "Bob" also did some excellent tackling and blocking. He has been elected Captain for next year. He has one more year to play.

JACK DRESSEL—Half-back—One year letter-man. "Dressel" has speed with plenty of drive. That is a good combination. He should see lots of action next year. He was out of practice with a twisted spine so he missed several games. Look for him next year. He'll be there.

PAUL McEWEN—End and Tackle—One year letter-man. "Curly" was a good offensive end always ready to scamper down under punts and grab the opposing safety or to receive a short pass down center. He was equally prepared to stop the plays his adversaries directed toward his side of the line. Paul will be listed among the non-combatants next year as he has served his quota of time in athletics.



FREDERICK ANDERSON—Half-back and Tackle—Two year letter-man. "Andy" is a valuable interference man at flanking half position. He put them out of the way on nearly every play to make way for the ball-toter. He also worked well on the reverse plays. As a defensive back, he helped hold up the line. He still has another year to fight for G. H. S.

EDWARD MODES—Guard—One year letter-man. A hundred and twenty-five pounds of nerve and grit. "Ed," though small, was right there in the middle of the line ready to stop anything coming his way. He possessed the knack of diving under the line and grabbing the fellow with the ball. This good tackler and blocker will be back for three more sessions of football.

GEORGE NICKERSON—Center and Guard—One year letter-man. George was a valuable man at either center or guard. His passes were accurate and his defensive work good. He will be back next year to help G. H. S. bring in more victories.

WILLIAM CHAPMAN—Guard—One year letter-man. Although this was "Bill's" first experience in football he certainly made the veterans take notice when he demonstrated his driving and charging ability. "Bill" was especially fond of breaking through the opponents forward or to trip up the ball carrier before he got started. Unfortunately this is "Bill's" last season to play for G. H. S.

FLEMING BYARS—Tackle—One year letter-man. The other side of the line usually gave way when Fleming hit it. He was good at paving the way for off-tackle drives and center plunges. Fleming twisted his knee and was out of the game the last part of the season. He will be back next for more service.

FOOTBALL

Football practice at G. H. S. began the first week of school when thirty eager "pig-skin" aspirants answered the call of Coach Van Woert. With seven lettermen from last year's squad as a nucleus, a couple of good lineups were soon whipped into shape. Although inexperienced, the boys were ready to work and willing to learn. The purple and gold warriors were prepared to attack the alumni after several days strenuous preliminaries. The Grads had lots of power and gave them plenty of practice during the entire season. The Coach believed in hard work for accomplishing results and on many occasions he had the boys drilling till dark.

The first official game was with Prosser. The boys from the North came down to help initiate the new football field. The Contest with the "Prosserites" was hard fought from beginning to end with neither team having a decided edge. Through the uncanny broken-field running of the safety in the visitors' team our opponents were able to gain consistently on punt returns. Goldendale's glaring weakness was poor flank defense which permitted the Prosser players to score twice on wide end runs. The first tally of the game read Prosser-12; G. H. S.-0.

With a more smoothly-working offense and a more effective defense the Goldendale players traveled to Dufur on the following Friday. The boys put up a good scrap and showed plenty of "punch" in mid-field yet all scoring attempts failed. The Oregonians fortified their goal like a regiment of "Stone-wall Jacksons." Dufur succeeded in completing a couple of forward passes from spinner plays for touchdowns. They also converted one of the extra points after a touchdown. At the close of the day's hostilities the old sign board said Dufur-13; G. H. S.-0.

The following Friday the boys must have been saving all their pep and vim for this exhilarating tussle, for they snapped into it and put up a great fight. The old G. H. S. spirit that is characteristic of all its games with White Salmon was at high tension. After a scoreless first half, the

Crimson players came back with a menacing arial attack that momentarily threw the local squad off guard. A series of neatly-completed passes resulted in a touchdown for the opponents but the local line succeeded in blocking the try for point. The score was then 6-0 for White Salmon. Goldendale received the next kick-off and proceeded to launch a mighty 70 yard drive to the White Salmon goal line. After five minutes of plunging it finally registered a touchdown. The next minute the ball was carried over for the extra tally which won the game. Score: G. H. S.-7; White Salmon-6.

Enthusiastic over their White Salmon victory the local team contested with Hood River. After four hectic quarters of long runs and completed passes, the blue-and-white clad boys had won the game 26-0. That same night however we traveled on to Portland to see the Oregon-Washington football game.

As a mark of gratitude for the enjoyable trip accorded them the G. H. S. football boys decided to give the crowd a real treat; so the next Friday on the local field Moro received a two touchdown defeat. The team showed a vast improvement in offensive play and on several occasions the passing attack contributed long gains. A completed pass scored our first counter and a series of line drives netted the second. Both point tries were blocked, so the score read G. H. S.-12; Moro-0.

The next game was with Camas. The guest team had its off-tackle drive and as a result soon scored. The purple and gold team held the boys in check for the remainder of the first two cantos. In the second half the invaders made two more counters to sew up the game. The last score was made possible through a misdirected pass which was intercepted by Camas. Twice the visitors converted for extra points. The final score was, Camas -20; G. H. S.-0.

The Goldendale team next traveled to Wasco, determined to even up old scores with the Sherman County school. A good representation of rooters accompanied the team. This was one of the best games of the season from the standpoint of yardage gained on punts and plays. Bad luck in the handling of passes prevented several scoring attempts of G. H. S. but Goldendale succeeded in winning a thrilling 7-6 victory.

On Armistice day the return game with White Salmon was played. Practically the whole student body and half the town people motored down the canyon to witness this fray; White Salmon and adjacent precincts were out 100% strong to back their team. Thus, the background was set for a royal battle. The fans saw plenty of football that afternoon as both teams fought like Trojans to squeeze out a victory. No score was made in the first half. The ball was sent up and down the field with intermittent thrusts at the goals but without a score. Late in third quarter one of our backfielders broke loose on a straight line play. Passing the line of scrimmage through a hole made by perfect interference, he skirted around the secondary defense and dashed for sventy-seven yards

over the Crimson goal-line for the only touchdown of the game. The try for point failed. We were ahead 6-0. The White Salmon squad resorted to the air in a last desperate attempt to score but their efforts were frustrated and G. H. S. triumphed, 6-0.

In a post-season game the Goldendale boys were defeated 56-0 by The Dalles.

The following players have served their allotted eight semesters in athletics and will be missing from the G H. S. lineup next year: Hank Davenport, Frank Lainhart, Reo Young, Arthur Perry, Bill Chapman, Paul McEwen, and Tommy Esteb. G. H. S. has a fine squad of players left and promises to have a good strong team next fall.

G. H. S. BASKETBALL SCHEDULE

December 13, 1930	Wasco	32	Goldendale	2
December 20, 1930	Odell	19	Goldendale	10
January 10, 1931	Hood River	33	Goldendale	10
January 16, 1931	Hood River	19	Goldendale	24
January 23, 1931	Centerville	15	Goldendale	19
January 30, 1931	White Salmon	23	Goldendale	8
February 6, 1931	Centerville	32	Goldendale	9
February 14, 1931	Moro	17	Goldendale	19
February 20, 1931	White Salmon	34	Goldendale	19
February 21, 1931	Wasco	23	Goldendale	25
February 27, 1931	Stevenson	30	Goldendale	21
	Totals	277		166

PERSONAL RECORD

	Points	Personal Fouls	Fouls Shot	Converted
Anderson	1	3	3	0
Bartmess	0	2	0	0
Bath	0	8	2	1
Brewer	6	16	10	3
Culver	8	12	25	7
Dressel	0	2	3	2
Esteb	10	11	26	8
Henslee	2	4	2	1
Jacroux	14	14	25	10
Lainhart	0	3	3	0
Modes	3	1	3	0
McKee	1	1	0	0
Spalding	1	5	4	2
Trowbridge	0	0	0	0
Watson	11	12	7	3
Young	15	9	3	2

BOYS' BASKETBALL

Having put away the moleskins after a hard football season, Coach Van Woert issued the summons for basketball players. Over thirty boys answered the call and received equipment for the inter-class skirmishes. After a two weeks' practice the squad was cut to fifteen and the hard grind began. Only two lettermen were left so Coach had to work from the ground up.

Our first game was with Wasco. The Sherman county team broke fast and shot accurately. In spite of the fact that they almost succeeded in hoo-dooing us, we did manage, finally, to make two points. The score was 32-2 in Wasco's favor.

With another hard week's practice behind them, G. H. S. traveled to Odell. The contest was very interesting throughout and the team displayed a much more polished offensive. We had considerable trouble in locating the basket the first half, and as the whistle blew, Odell was out in front 12-2. However, in the second period, G. H. S. outscored the Oregonians 8-7. The final counter read Odell 19, G. H. S. 10.

The first game after Christmas vacation was in Hood River. Lack of practice was plainly evident in the way the boys missed "cripple" shots. They attempted countless shots but hooked only an occasional tally. The result of the game was Hood River 33, Goldendale 10.

The next Friday Hood River came up to play in Goldendale. The Purple and Gold had gone through a week's hard practice since the last tilt and they felt confident that they could win the game. For three quarters the visitors lead by a small margin. In the last period the Goldendale boys rallied to win the game. Score: Goldendale 24, Hood River 21.

The following week the Centerville quintet journeyed to G. H. S. A close, fast contest resulted, with Goldendale spurting in the last few minutes to a four point lead. The local team, however, sewed up the game with a score of 19 to Centerville's 15.

The Columbians from White Salmon came up to get a victory of 23 to Goldendale's 8. The second teams also played, our scrubs taking the game from White Salmon with a 9-7 score.

On February 6 the G. H. S. team met a defeat at the hands of the Centerville boys. Centerville looped 32 points to Goldendale's 9. It was the first time in many years that the local team has lost to its neighbor.

In a slow moving game with Moro we succeeded in annexing a close victory. The contest was loosely played throughout, with more pasess intercepted than completed. Too many cinchshots were missed. The final whistle left the boards showing a 19-7 victory for G. H. S.

A caravan of cars headed by Patrolman Williams escorted the team to White Salmon for the deciding game in the county championship.

Goldendale put up a good battle but the experience and class of the Crimson quintet were too much for them and they lost, 34-19. In the last quarter they were within two baskets of tying them but White Salmon soon forged ahead.

The following night G. H. S. traveled to Wasco to defeat the Oregon lads 25-23 in the most exciting game of the year. In this was the boys atoned for their earlier defeat from Wasco.

The last tussle of the season was played at Stevenson. The local boys were defeated 30-21.

Two members of the present squad will not be in the future G. H. S. games. They are Tommy Esteb, and Reo Young. Bob Jacroux served as captain in most of the games and will be back next year with his team-mates to help make more basketball history for the Purple and Gold.

BOYS' BASKETBALL PERSONNEL

REO YOUNG—Center and forward—Two year letterman. Reo was second high-point man for this season. Speed and dependability made him one of the best offensive players on this year's team. He will be missed next season as this was his last year to play on the G. H. S. quintet.

ROBERT JACROUX—Captain—Guard and forward—Two year letterman. A good, dependable, defensive man and a fast breaking offensive player. Bob was in the game every minute pepping up the team. An elusive dribbler and accurate passer—Bob will be back next year to run up the points for G. H. S.

MITCHELL HENSLEE—Guard—One year letterman. A bear on defense, "Mike" was always ready to break up the passing attack of his opponents. He was just as eager to snap the ball down on defense and start his team off to a score. "Mike" still has two more seasons to pass the old basketball around for G. H. S.

TOM ESTEB—Center—One year letterman. With plenty of reach "Esteb" was able to get the tip-off a good share of the time for his team. Tom was a good passer and point-maker. He specialized in short shots from the side. Tom has played his last game for G. H. S.

WOODROW WATSON—Forward—One year letterman. Lots of pep and speed with a wicked eye for long shots. "Woody" never quit scrapping. He made shots from almost any position on the court. "Woody" will be back next year to fight for G. H. S. Watch for him. He'll be there with more pep than ever.

DONALD BREWER—Guard—One year letterman. Don was always in the old game breaking up opponents' scoring threats or boosting up the Purple and Gold total. Don had plenty of reach which made it possible for him to give G. H. S. the tip-off on jump balls. Don will wear the purple uniform again next year.

HENRY CULVER—Forward—One year letterman. Through his speed and agility, "Butch" was able to keep the ball in play whenever it came near him. He was an accurate shot from the foul line and could also be depended to bring in the tallies from scrimmage. "Butch" will be back for two more seasons.

GIRLS' BASKETBALL
LINE-UP

VELMA ELLIOTT (Snookie), Guard. Being endowed very generously with perserverence, Velma played an exceedingly speedy game in her position on our team. This was her second and last year on the team.

MAXINE McALLISTER (Max), Guard. Another dependable player, Maxine played a good steady game of defense. This was her second year on the team and she will be back next year.

LOIS SPALDING (Spalding), Jumping Center. She usually won the tip off, giving us an encouraging start. This was her third and last year on the team.

LOUISE DRESSEL (Tiny), Forward. Louise was a fast player and especially well adapted for team work. This was her third and last year as a member of the girls' basketball team.

MARGARET McEWEN (Peggy), Forward. Margaret was our best scorer this year. She was a good dependable player and an almost sure shot. This was her third and last year on the team.

FLORENCE BRATTON (Flossie), Running Center and Forward. This was also Florence's first and last year on the G. H. S. girls' basketball team. She was a fast player, who always did her best.

WILMA ADAMS (Squirrelie), Running Center. A newcomer to G. H. S. Wilma played her first and last year on the team. She was a speedy, hard-fighting player.

NATALIE LAWLER (Shorty), Running Center and Guard. Natalie was a speedy player and one who could always be depended upon to do her part in helping G. H. S. on to victory. This was her first and last year on the team also.

MARY McEWEN (Murry), Jumping Center and Guard. Mary was a good defensive player, especially adept when it came to intercepting passes. This was her first year on the team ano she will be back again next year to help make a winning team for G. H. S.

MARGARET MOORE (Mike), Guard and Running Center. Margaret was a fast hard-fighting player, whose presence in a game always encouraged the others to renewed efforts. This was her first and last year on the team.

THE GAMES

Our first game was played at Trout Lake on October 17. This was a fast game, and although we fought our very hardest, the final whistle found us on the small end of a 22-31 score.

The first "home" game of the season was played on the Centerville floor against Lyle, October 24. We easily took Lyle into camp to the tune of 26-12.

On October 31, we played Bickleton, who had won from Trout Lake once and lost to her once. The game was played at Centerville. We won, 55-29. This was indeed a "moral victory" for the G. H. S. girls!

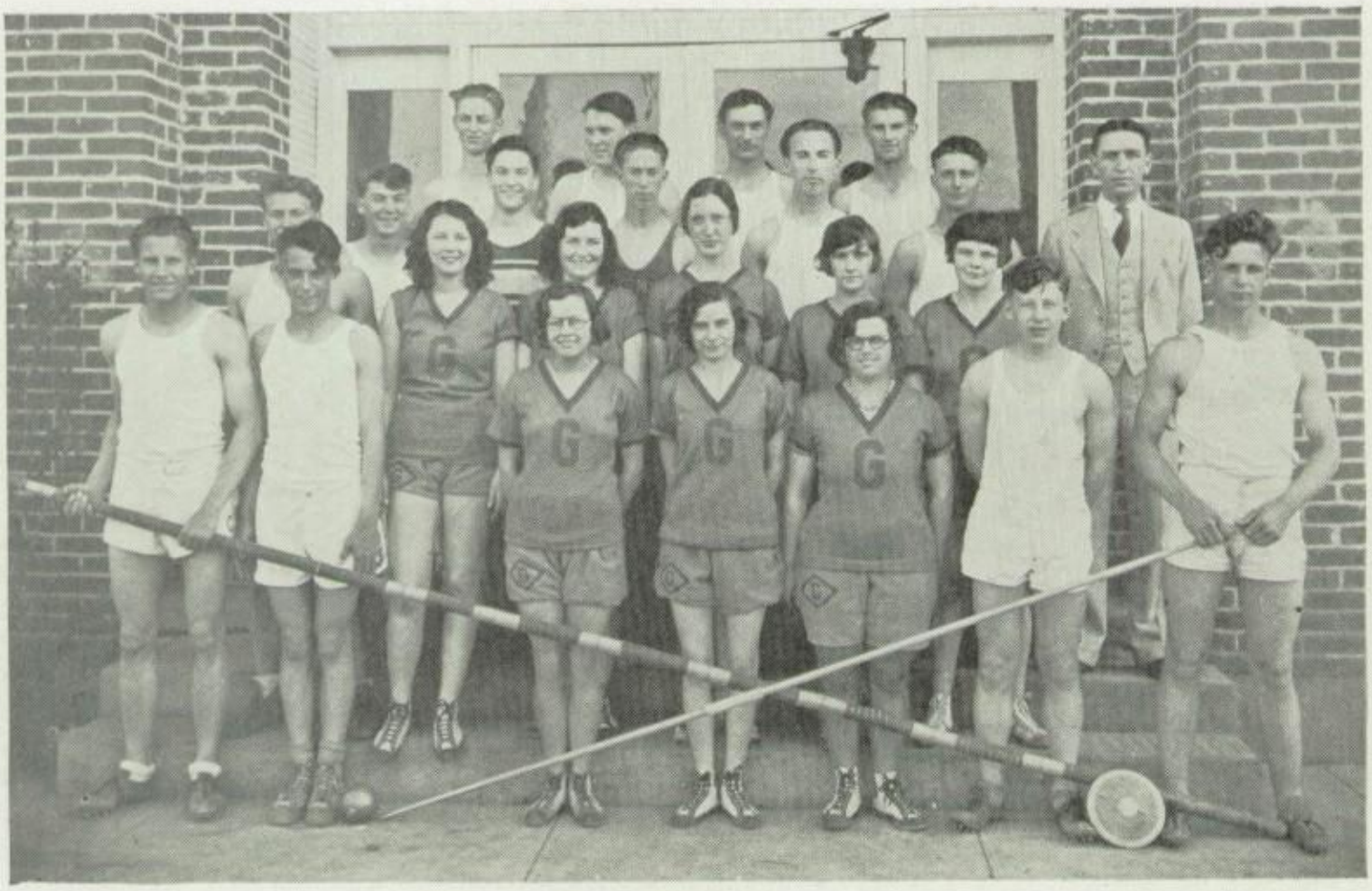
Our next game was at Lyle on November 10. The score of 40-14 in our favor shows more plainly than mere words how easily we were victorious.

On November 17, we met for the second time the only team that had managed to defeat us—Trout Lake. This game, played at Centerville, was very fast and interesting. Incidentally, we won—40 to 24.

The only game which we played on the G. H. S. floor was played December 13 against Wasco. This was a comparatively good game, which we won, 32-14.

The last, and by far the best, game of the season, was played at Wasco, January 3, during the Christmas vacation. All who witnessed it, described it as "the fastest, most interesting game of girls' basketball they had ever seen." Unfortunately for us, the final whistle blew when Wasco held a two-point lead. The score of this game was 24-26.

N. L. S. '31



TRACK

G. H. S. experienced a very successful track season this year. Participating in three different meets, the purple and gold tracksters brought in many points for the school. Practice began early in the spring and a squad of about a dozen men turned out faithfully. The first meet of the year came on May the first. White Salmon was host of the county meet and managed to win over G. H. S. by a small margin. The local team brought in five firsts and several seconds and thirds to score fifty-six points. The following Wednesday the Goldendale boys motored to Hood River to take part in the Mid-Columbia try-outs. The results of this meet were very gratifying as G. H. S. came in a close second to Hood River—thirty-two points to thirty points. White Salmon was third with twenty-one points and three other schools divided the remaining tallies. At this meet G. H. S. registered three firsts and several seconds. The final meet for the year was held at Longview on May the ninth. Six of the boys accompanied by Coach Van Woert and Mr. Bacher made the trip to the Southwest Washington event.

The girls' track was not as successful as the boys', but they hope to carry off honors next year.

A party of seven including Coach Van Woert and Mr. Bacher took in the Southwest Washington track meet at Longview. G. H. S. succeeded in gaining three places. A tie for first in the 440 won by Jack Dressel; a tie for second in the pole vault by Bob Jacroux; and a fourth in the 880 by Henry Culver. Jack and Bob also entered the Western Washington meet at Olympia.

FUN FOR ALL

It was five-thirty and the party was to be at eight.

"Dot, are you ready to eat?"

"Yes, as soon as I find my purple and gold pajamas. Where are they?" replied Dot.

"I haven't seen them for a week. Maybe somebody liked the color better than you did," said Joy.

Presently Dot emerged wearing the long-looked-for pajamas. Joy had just finished setting the table. The two girls lived in an apartment house just off the campus. This building of twelve apartments belonged to a society and could accommodate twenty-four girls. Joy and Dot were both popular and pretty. Joy was president and Dot was secretary of the society. A living room, dining room, bed room, kitchenette and bath comprised the apartment. A very kind, middle-aged woman lived in an especially arranged apartment downstairs and acted as house mother. There was a large hall or assembly room downstairs used for parties and meetings. The twelve apartments occupied by the girls were on the next three floors.

"You wash the dishes, Dot, while I bathe and finish plans for the party. There is such a lot to do yet. Someone has to get the apples and I know the girls haven't finished decorating. I can hear them down there yet."

"All right."

'But hurry, because I want you to help me with my costume."

"All right."

Joy left the dining room and Dot picked up the dishes and went to the kitchen. The dishes were washed and Dot was drying them when suddenly she heard something outside the window. She looked out but could see nothing. She continued to wipe dishes. Was that the same noise- Dot listened. Yes, it was. She turned away from the windows and went to the bedroom.

"Joy, I heard something out side, while I was in the kitchen."

"I thought you had grown up. What did it sound like?"

"I don't know. I looked but I couldn't see anything. Won't you come?"

"Me come? Not this way. Go on back and I will come as soon as I am dressed."

Dorothy went back to the kitchen to finish the dishes. It was after six and there was so much yet to be done! This party was going to be fun.

Dorothy was deep in her thoughts when Joy came running in minus shoes and dress.

"I heard something! I heard something! Dot, what is it?"

"Well I never! Now who hasn't grown up? I didn't hear anything. Where were you?"

"I was just ready to try on my costume. I walked toward the window and then I heard the funniest noise. What had we better do, Dot?"

"I don't know," said Dot. "Shall we call some of the other girls?"

"No," replied Joy. "They would only call us fraidy-cats. I'll tell you what. Leave the rest of the dishes and come get into something besides those purple and gold pajamas. I have an idea."

Dot and Joy left the kitchen and returned to the bed room. They both slipped into dresses.

"We are going to leave here for awhile. You come with me downstairs and help the girls while I go for the apples," said Joy.

"Aren't you afraid to go alone?" asked Dot.

"No," replied Joy. "It will only take me a minute."

So downstairs they went. They looked into the room where the girls were supposed to be, but it was empty.

"Now where could those girls be? There is lots to do here yet," said Joy. "Well, Dot, old dear, you better call Mrs. Robbins and have her come in. I have to get those apples."

With that she left the house.

The night was clear and cold, with a beautiful moon. In front of the walk was a roadster. Joy climbed in and drove away. It was three miles to where the apples were, but what was three miles on a night like this.

When Dorothy heard the car start she walked across to Mrs. Robins' door.

"Mrs. Robins!"

No answer.

"Mrs. Robins!"

"Now I wonder where she could be," said Dorothy to herself. "I wonder if one of the girls will come help. I can't imagine where the committee has disappeared."

Dorothy went to the foot of the stairs and called.

"Alice!"

No answer.

"Alice!"

"Well where has she gone?"

"Betty!"

No answer.

"Well this is funny. I guess the only thing for me to do is to go back to the hall and wait for Joy," thought Dorothy.

She started down the hallway and the lights went out.

"Oh-o-o-o-o-o."

"What in the world? What shall I do? Joy gone and no one in the house, that I can find. I can't figure this out."

She felt her way back to the big room. "This was the archway. Here was the chair for Mrs. Robins. This was the throne for the witch." All

of a sudden Dorothy stopped. Was there some one in that same room with her? It certainly felt that way."

"Crash!"

"Oh-o-o-o-o!.' screamed Dot. "Don't come near me. I'll die."

Creak-crack-crunch!

"Stop!" cried Dorothy. "What do you want?"

"Yo-o-u-u-u." Said a moaning voice.

M-m-m-e-e-e-e?" stammered poor scared Dot. What do-o-o you w-w-want me for?"

"Soup," said the strange voice. "You are tender."

"Who are you?"

"You'll find out soon enough. Where are your friends?"

"I don't know. I can't find them," said Dot.

How long would it take Joy to get those apples? Why didn't she hurry? If that thing said anything more she would faint.

Just then the lights flashed on. For a minute it seemed impossible but here was the room full of people. Mrs. Robins was in her chair by the door and Joy in her witches costume on the throne and everyone else in her place.

"Well!" said Dot, "I certainly don't understand your little joke."

"I'm sorry but it is rather deep," replied Joy. "You see you have been telling us for a week that you had never been frightened on Hallowe'en so we thought it would be a good idea to show you that you could be frightened. The noises you heard upstairs were to arouse your fear. I dashed in, scared to death, to help along your imagination. I went after the apples this afternoon but you see I had to leave you some way. Now run upstairs and jump into your costume while the rest of us finish the decorations. It is seven thirty and you know the boys will come soon and we must be ready. We didn't scare you too badly, did we?"

"No, I'm all right," replied Dot. "But you certainly did have me going for awhile. Thanks for the scare. It will be somebody else next year, thank goodness, and not me."

With that she left the room.

B. W. '31

A new desk—
A student bold—
A carved name—
A tale is told.

M. W. '33

THE END OF TIME

"Oh, save me, Master, save me!" This was the cry in a little room upon the top floor of a dismal old house. The room was cold and dark, the very cheapest one in the whole house. The only pieces of furniture in the room were an iron bed, a rickety table, and an old chair. A clock stood on the table. It's face indicated ten-thirty. In the faint light a figure could be made out in the corner bed. It lay huddled as if in worn out slumber. Surely that cry could not have come from there.

It came again. "Save me, I beg of you, or I shall perish! Death is drawing near. Drive it away; you have never failed me before."

No answer came. Who could it be? The figure on the bed stirred not. Pleading, once more the voice was heard. "I never have failed you, Master, these many years, since that day, so long ago, when you first brought me here. Every morning I would wake you, and I never have complained when you stopped my mouth with your hand. I knew it was because you wanted a few minutes more sleep. Through the long lonesome days I have waited for your steps at night. I always have met you patient and smiling. I have been faithful to you. Will you not help me?"

Still no answer was heard. The voice began again. "We were both young when you brought me here. You would talk and plan for the future. But the years slipped by and you became old, wrinkled, tired; I grew old with you. My youthful beauty is gone. I am bent and worn and my hands are scarred, until no semblance of their former loveliness remains. My face, also, is old and wrinkled. You did not mean to be cruel but you have brought these signs of time upon me. You were unaware of your carelessness. Through it all, I have still smiled; but now I can smile no more. I am slowly dying. Do you not care?"

A sob was in the voice. What agony it must be enduring! All was still in the little room. The figure on the bed stirred restlessly. Did it hear?

The weary voice beseeched once more. "Why do you neglect me, dear Master? Have you tired of me? Do you desire a younger, fairer face to sooth away your cares? I have always served you faithfully. Now I am almost dead. Just reach forth a hand and put life back into my poor tired body. Tomorrow morning you will miss me. How can you refuse?"

No stir from the bed. For the last time came the dying voice. "The end is almost here. My heart is beginning to falter and soon it will stop. You do not heed my cry. Please do not forget me when I am gone. I will wait for you in heaven. Farewell."

The poor old clock had run down.

C. W. '31

A WALKING GOURD

A broiling, hot sun shone down on Pat's bald head, as he trudged down the dusty country road. Now and again he paused, to wipe the sweat from his brow.

Suddenly, a little cabin, clean and white-washed, appeared on a rise. It was surrounded by a green lawn, and was very appealing to the tired and thirsty Pat.

He asked politely, "Faith, my lady, I'm nearly dry. Could I get a drink?"

"Why, yes," she replied. "I haven't any water drawn up, but if you'll follow that trail, you'll find a spring, and a gourd beside it."

Pat trudged down the road. Midway, he met a tortoise, creeping slowly toward him. He turned and ran screeching, down the trail.

"Oh, ma'am," he cried. "The spring's gone dry. I met the gourd, coming to the house!"

F. S. '33

THE SON OF THE EVENING STAR

Can it be the sun descending on the level of the water, or the Red Swan floating, having been wounded by the magic arrow, staining the water with its crimson blood? Yes, it is the sun sinking into the water making the sky purple and the water crimson. But, yes, it seems to be the Red Swan diving beneath the water. The Evening Star twinkles through the purple like the bead of wampum on the robes of the Great Spirit.

This, Iagoo beheld with joy as he told the story of Osseo, the Son of the Evening Star.

"Many years ago a hunter lived in the Northland, with ten daughters. The fairest and youngest of the tall sisters was Oweenee, a silent and dreamy maiden. All but she married brave warriors. Oweenee rejected all the handsome lovers and married Osseo, who was poor and ugly, old and weak.

All were invited to a great feast. The nine older sisters and their husbands went on their way followed by Osseo and Oweenee, who walked in silence.

Osseo often stopped and gazed at the Evening Star, and the sisters heard him murmur: 'Pity, pity me, my father!' Everyone but Oweenee laughed at him until the forest rang with merry echoes.

Along the pathway lay the hollow trunk of an oak tree. Osseo gave a

shout of anguish and leaped into it an old man. But lo! he came out of the other end transformed into a tall and handsome youth. But, alas! Oweenee was transformed also. She became a weak old woman. Again the others laughed.

At the banquet everyone was having a good time except Osseo. He did not eat or talk. He looked dreamy and sad. Then a voice seemed to be heard from the sky.

'Oh, My son.' The spells that have bound you are broken; ascend to me. Eat the food and you will be changed to a spirit. Everything will be turned to silver and the jesting men and women shall be changed to birds!'

Then the lodge began to tremble and to rise. Things turned to silver. The nine sisters and their husbands turned into jays, blackbirds, and thrushes. Osseo gave a shout and his wife changed to a beautiful woman with clothes of ermine. Again the wigwam trembled as it continued to ascend. At last it alighted on the Evening Star as thistledown drops on water.

Hereafter Osseo's father lived with him. The birds were put into the silver cage. As Osseo's son grew up he was given bows and arrows to shoot at the birds. One day he wounded a bird and she was transformed into a young woman again. The magic spell was broken! Everything and every one descended to earth as they had ascended. Then the birds changed to pygmies. And on summer nights they are seen dancing hand in hand when the Evening Star is shining."

A. W. '31

NATURE PLAYS HIS PART

For six days now, Bill had been on the trail. Nothing but the blinding snow and ever endless sled tracks lay before his eyes. Time passed, and the quiet stillness was beginning to prey on his mind. Save for the squeaking of the dog harnesses he did not hear a sound; but his never dying hate kept him going forward. Not only was he getting tired, but his dogs were beginning to show signs of fatigue.

Once or twice that day he had sighted a black speck far ahead, moving toward the mountains. The sight of this speck would bring a threatening smile across his features, and he would urge his dogs forward with all the speed that was left in their tired bodies.

Bill Murray was a young, broad-shouldered man of about twenty-two. His brother and he had come North that fall, and set up a camp on a small lake in northern Canada. The two brothers had had very good luck, and had come out in the spring fairly prosperous. But one afternoon,

when Bill came in from his turn at the trap line, he found the cabin doors half open and a large number of the prime furs gone. Bill's first thought was that his brother had double-crossed him, but his sudden burst of anger vanquished as quickly as it had come, and a cold sickening feeling took its place as he spied his brother's form already mangled by the dogs that were left at home. On closer observation he saw a small round hole in the forehead of his brother.

Bill slowly gathered his brother up in his arms and carried him to a hill behind the camp, where he performed a funeral ceremony. The ground was frozen too hard to dig so Bill made a tomb of logs and ice.

Early next morning Bill had put both dog teams on one sled and was well on his way before the sun came up. The first day was a long day, for he traveled several hours after the sun had set. And again and again, for five more days he repeated the same process. Not until now could he glimpse the sled far ahead.

The next day would tell the tale, whether he would get this killer or whether the killer would reach the mountain pass before he. If so Bill could never catch him, because of lack of knowledge of the country beyond. The only way to reach the pass first was to cut across a rough and dangerous region of foot hills at the foot of the pass. Bill determined to take the chance. That night he rested very little, starting on his way again before midnight, with only the stars as his guides. Although the dogs were tired they labored several hours at a great pace. The sun was just peeking over the mountain when he reached the foot hills.

All that day until mid-afternoon, Bill broke trail ahead of his team so they would be able to have plenty of speed when they reached the last long open space between the little range and the pass.

When he reached the valley, he called "mush" and really meant it this time. The pass at fast-going was just about two hours off. The going was good for the wind had kept the snow hard like ice.

The great pass was soon looming up in front. Bill had wild visions of seeing sleigh tracks through the pass but they would again disappear. He was now calling frantically to his tired dogs, who were giving all they had. The pass was reached but there were no other sleigh tracks there.

Bill sat down on his sled and called his dogs about him, while he wiped the perspiration from his brow with a big fur mitten.

They had won! Yes,—beaten the hunted to the pass, and now he would wait for him to appear. He waited all night and half the next day but still the killer did not appear. Had he known what Bill was up to and turned back? But no! Bill's eye caught the slow movement of an object far up the valley. It grew bigger. It was a dog with part of his harness still on its neck. Bill did not wait any longer. He quickly had his sled headed the direction the dog had come from. But it was of no use for nature had played her part. The killer and all his dogs but one had been caught in a big snow slide.

A. P. '31

THROW OUT THE LIFELINE

Calm and serene the broad liquid expanse stretched before him. He had no business there, such a very young soul as he was, and furthermore he had been repeatedly warned of the danger of slipping down the steep bank and into the foaming brine. But alas, like so many inquisitive souls, he could not resist. A gentle ripple, caused now and then by a slight breeze, seemed to beckon him on to the placid water's edge.

Creeping cautiously forward to the edge of the steep bank, he looked over and could distinctly discern his image in the pool far below. So intent was he in thus playfully amusing himself that he stood but a step from the edge. Just a single step separated him from life and a struggle with death. But he heeded it not. Just a single step would place him on uncertain ground, yet he went on with his playful maneuvers, apparently unconscious of it all.

Presently, the inevitable happened. He took, all unaware, the single step forward and down, down he went over the treacherous bank and hit the watery surface below. Paralyzed with fear as his eyes, ears and nose filled, he gasped a deep breath, drawing the slimy liquid into his lungs. Up he rose to the surface, struggling violently, waving his legs helplessly, clutching and grabbing but finding nothing to support him.

Down, down, he felt himself sink far the second time. Once more the rushing and roaring in his ears. Once more the blinding of his eyes and the deep gasp for breath. Swirling, and whirling and turning he rose once more to the surface within an inch from the edge. Struggling frantically to reach the bank he felt himself slip for the last time. Just as his neck sank below the surface he put forth his last struggle for life and gained a hold on the shore.

Two minutes later he was climbing upward on a dry surface. "Whew! That was a close shave," said the little fly to himself as he crawled up the side of the cream pitcher.

E. M. '31

VACATION DAYS

Cliff and trail,
Oar and sail,
    Clouds above a height;
Beans and bacon,
Blisters achin',
    Camp fires gleaming bright.

Merry folk,
Poison oak,
    Spiders by the score;
Peaks and stars,
And sunburn scars!
    Summer's here once more!

W. N. '31

ODE TO THE NIGHTINGALE

A long white fence.
A big black cat.
A terrible wail
—And that is that!

The cat sits atop
The long white fence
And opens its mouth.
—Oh! The consequence!

The night is black.
There isn't any moon.
Poor kitty is sad
—And so out of tune!

The air is chill.
The leaves scuttle down.
No one is seen.
—How quiet the town!

The cat sings on.
He will not quit.
It's Hallowe'en night
And he's doing his bit.

The man doesn't care
For the pranks of the boys,
But what he **won't** stand
Is this heathenish noise!

The wails of the black cat
Atop the white fence!
A death in the night
Without self-defense!

For the man takes his gun
From under his pillow;—
Creeps out to a spot
Beneath the old willow;—

(It makes me so sad
To tell you the rest.
The bullet hit Tom
And he's now with the blest.)

M. L. P. '31

OLD REFRAIN

I often hear my mother singing songs I do not know
And she answers when I question her; Ther're songs of long ago.
Old refrains of haunting sweetness mingled happiness and tears
Blended softly in remembrance; Hallowed souvenirs of years.

Then in fancy I am hearing, songs my memories will hold
And among them none is sweeter than the "Purple and the Gold."
For, the years I lived in High School I shall surely live again
In that dim and distant future when I sing my Old Refrain.

R. Y. '32

THE GOBLIN TRAIN

With wail of wind and swish of rain,
I heard the approach of the goblin train.
From my perch secure in the top of a tree,
I saw what mortal can seldom see:
Ghostly lights from that spooky train
Flickered, then burst into blue, ghost flame,
While into the night the passengers poured
Through tight-closed windows and tight-closed doors.
And as I sat and shivered with fear,
A dismal wailing smote my ear.
Those goblins and spooks began to dance,
Swaying and weaving about in a trance.
Nearer and nearer they drew to my tree,
And I knew that the fates were calling me,
And I let forth a shriek of mortal dread,
And awoke with a groan on the floor by my bed.

R. Y. '32

Candle-light and lamplight, and the glare
Of electricity—everywhere!
Homes call us with it, but the world calls too:
Something with candle-light the world don't do.
But now towns seem a well-lit heaven,
Anywhere . . . after seven.

M. L. P. '31

MELANCHOLY AND MEADOW LARKS

They talked of spring. I did not listen.
Why think of spring? 'Twould pass me by.
Something had died. I thought it was the caring—
The leap within at any springtime sign.
The frogs, they mentioned; the wild geese returning;
The children louder at their play; some farmer plowing early.
I paid no heed; why need these prove the spring?
Was Spring: frogs - geese - children - plowing? . . . Fools!
But then I heard a meadow lark one morning—
And what was dead awoke, and came alive!

M. L. P. '31

THE SCHOOL TEACHER

Of all the people from farmers to preachers,
The worst of them all are the bloody school teachers.
Stay away from them, stay out of their clutches,
Or they'll run you down and have you on crutches.

How I hate a teacher! I'd rather be a squire,
A plumber, a mucker, or maybe a liar;
A Jew, a Swede, a guy from Spain,
A Wop, a Chink, a heathen, or a Dane.

How we work; they tell us what to do.
They tell us how easy it is when we are through.
They give us tests and all such bunk.
They say it is easy, BUT WE ALL FLUNK.

R. G. H. '33

Over the turbulent waters he glided,
Over the rapids and over the falls;
Reached the canyon, whose rocky caverns
Challenge the sky with their gaping walls.
Out to the sunset, musing in silence,
Glad for the end of a perfect day—
One lone warrior, just from the battle—
Far to the westward, away and away...

M. N. '31

WOULD-BE AUTHOR

I want to write,
But I can't write;
So what am I going to do?

I form good plots
In enormous lots;
But what am I going to do?

I work them out
As well as I can,
But teachers put them
Under a ban—
So what am I going to do?

F. B. '32

CLASSIFIED CASES

Forever and Ever

Pete and Lou
Peggy and Grills
Shorty and Jackson
Bobby and Mike

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Pin Feather Stage

Ed Modes and Maravene C.
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Cecil Schuster and Virginia T.

Cradle Snatchers

Marvin Kamholz
Reo Young
Charlie Spoon

Woman Haters

Gordon Bath
Mike Henslee
General Lee

Secret Sorrows

Perry's Wilma
Harold's Cora

Man Haters

Amanda Westermann
Ernestine Miller

Tiny Tots

Mary McEwen
Vera Furhman
Marie McDowell
Fleming Byars

PROVERBS

It takes a lot of pluck for a woman to change the shape of her eyebrows—Cleo Shelton.

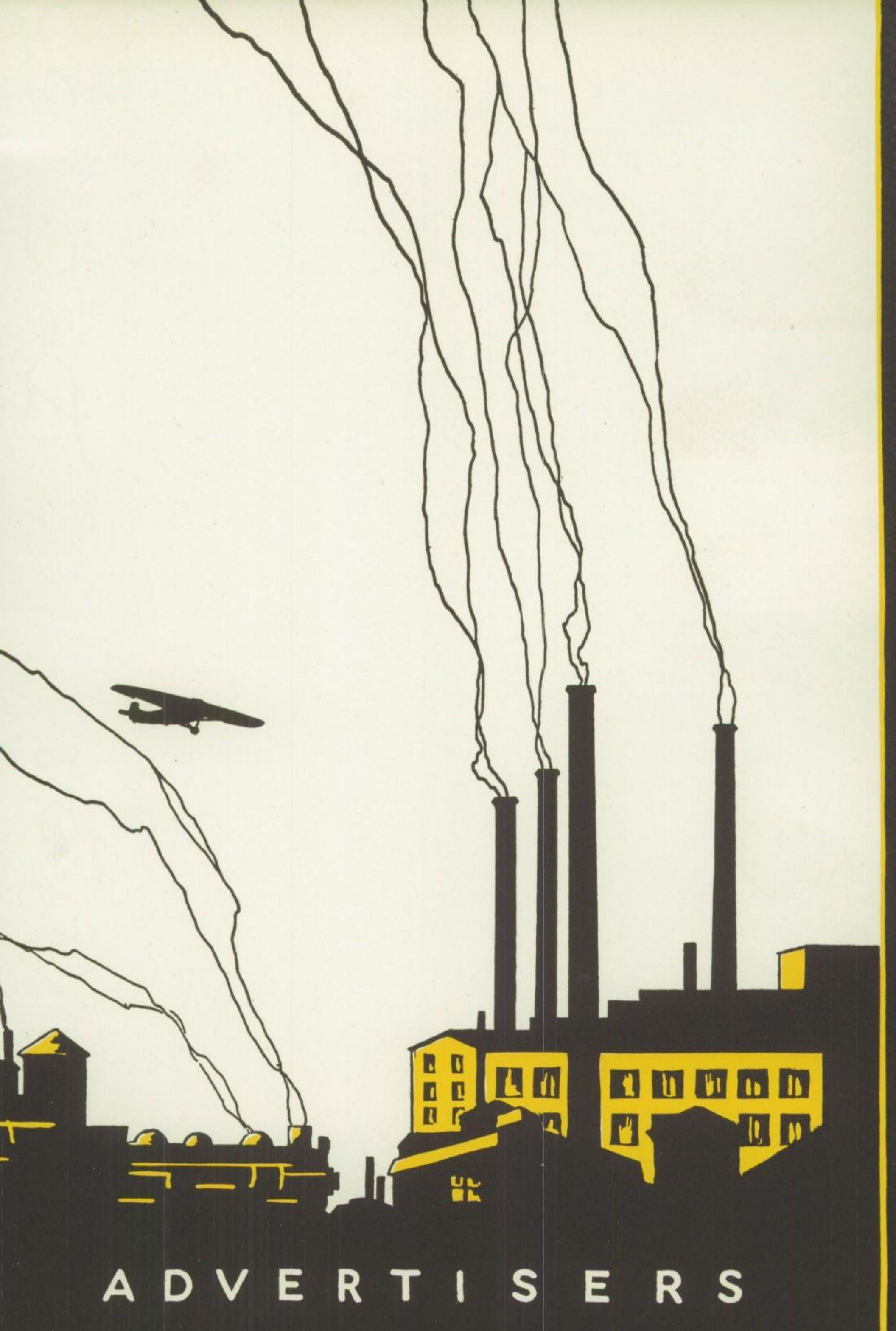
The honeymoon is over when she quits crying on your shoulder and starts jumping on your neck.—Clinton Warren.

The long run is the only run I make.—Mrs. Bacher.

What you see ain't—you look at me and I ain't. I'm a little sunbeam from the rays beyond.—Ross L. Woert.

Don't do as I do, but do as I tell you.—Vernon A. Bacher.

I don't feel very well today but I love you just the same.—Catherine Bleakney.


ADVERTISERS

Songs

Corridor—O, I'll Be Loving You in Hallways.
Orange Juice—Orange Juice Sorry You Made Me Cry?
Underwear—Underwear My Baby Is Tonight?
Waddle—Waddle I Do?
Hash—Hashee Got Naughty Eyes?
Dago—Dago's Precious.
Swede—Swede Summer Breeze.
Butcher—Butcher Arms Around Me, Honey.
Asthma—Yessir, Asthma Baby.
Sheepherder—Sweet Little Ewe.

Martin Cahill—"Have you a baby picture of yourself?"
Chet McKune—"No, but I'll have one taken."

Coach—"Did you take a shower?"
Fleming B.—"No, is there one missing?"

STEPPING UP

—o—

We congratulate You High School Graduates. You have ascended step by step, and should be proud of your degree. We hope it will be an inspiration for continued progress, usefulness and success.

—o—

Ledbetter & Wallace Co.

Miss Bleakney—"I saw you reading the dictionary. Do you find it interesting?"

Harold B.—"No, amusing. You see, the dictionary and I spell words so differently."

Ruthie Y.—"What do you think of my gown?"
Jackie D.—"I think it's ripping."

Sunday School teacher—"Now boys, our text today teaches us that if we are good here on earth, when we die, we will go to a place of everlasting bliss. But suppose we are bad, then where will we go?"

Little boy—"We'll go to a place of everlasting blister."

Glee Club singing:—"Away-ay-ay down south in Dixie."
Mrs. Warren—"Stop! Some of you are away ahead of the others."
Bill C.—"Sure, we're farther south than the rest of them."

Rev. Young was busily engaged in preaching one evening, when he noticed that several members of the congregation were very much disturbed, when he looked up and noticed his son sitting in the balcony throwing walnuts at the people below. Mr. Young looked at his son and was just about to tell him to discontinue his action, when Reo spoke up and said, "You go ahead and 'tend to your preaching, Dad, I'll keep 'em awake for you."

"My cocoa's cold," sternly announced Mr. Bacher to the waitress.
"Well, put on your cap then," she suggested sweetly.

The Goldendale Sentinel
ESTABLISHED 1879 IRVING S. BATH, EDITOR
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Goldendale - Washington

Jack D.: "Gosh, I had a narrow escape last night!"

Glen L.: "What's that?"

Jack: "Well, I woke up in the middle of the night and saw something white in my room. So I grabbed my gun and shot it. After I had turned on the light I found that it was my shirt!"

Glen: "I don't see any narrow escape to that."

Jack: "Why, just suppose I hadn't taken my shirt off last night."

Mrs. Warren—"Who was it that lead the children of Israel out of Egypt?"

Roy L.—(after some deep thinking) "Why! I think it was the Pied Piper."

Henry Ford has reduced the price of flivvers again. His motto is a rattle for every child on earth.

Just because you look like a ham, don't think you are Swift.

COMPLIMENTS OF

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"ALWAYS AT YOUR SERVICE"

Translate

Miss Bleakney—"Ceaser sic dicat and de cur egessi licitum."
Smart Soph—"Ceaser sicked the cat on the dog and I guess he licked him."

Miss Shelton—(in Domestic Science) "Suppose you wanted to make a cake. If you put a little flour, mustard, salt, sugar, vinegar, pepper and garlic, what would you have?"
Freshman—"A funeral."

Beach!—Peach!—Screech!
And the fair lady married the life-guard.

Mrs. Warren—"Reo, what is the Liberty Bell?"
Reo Y.—"The bell at the end of the seventh period."

General Garage Business

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SALES AND SERVICE

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Goldendale - - - - - - - - - Washington

Twenty-Third Psalm

"Miss Bleakney" is my teacher
I shall not pass
She maketh me to write "themes"
She leadeth me into the mysteries of this English.
She leadeth me thru' the tortures of English for her sake
Yes, tho' I fail the exams of this course
I shall fear no "F's" for she is with me.
Her words and her looks they comfort me.
She shoots her questions at me in the presence of my friends
She fills my head with English
My brains runneth over.
Surely her Image shall follow me all the days of my life, and
I shall dwell in the fear of English forever.

—A Student.

Freshie—(registering, the day before school starts) "What time does school start tomorrow?"

Principal—"At 9:00 o'clock sharp."

Freshie—"All right: If I'm not there don't wait for me."

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M. W. BECK, Cashier

FREEDA VANDEVANTER, Assistant Cashier

Kammy—"I saved a life the other day."
Reo—"How was that?"
Kammy—"An auto was tearing down the road."
Reo—"Well?"
Kammy—"I jumped out of the road."

Freshman—"Even if you are peeved you need not eat me up."
Sophomore—"I never eat greens."

Bill C.—"Do you know what makes people red-headed?"
Paul McEwen—"No, for goodness sakes, what is it?"
Bill—"Their hair, of course."

Mrs. B. (in Biology), holding up a picture of a zebra. "Now, class, what is this?"
Martin C.—"It looks to me like a horse in a bathing suit."

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Goldendale - - - - Washington

Not enjoyment, only sorrow,
Is our destined end, or way,
We ony hope that each tomorrow's
Lesson's shorter than today's.

Books of others all remind us,
We can make our own sublime,
And departing, leave behind us
Answers on the margin line.

Answers that perhaps another
One who follows in our train
Some forlorn, and shipwrecked freshman,
Seeing, shall take heart again.

Mary Nelson—"Why do you call your umbrella 'Adam?' "
Ernestine Miller—"Because it's shy a rib."

George N.—"I can make a worse face than you can."
Bob J.—"No wonder, see what a good start you have."

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She—"Would you put yourself out for me?"
He—"I certainly will."
She—"Then please do, it's nearly twelve o'clock."

Boyabus kissabus sweeta girlorum
Girlabus likeabus wanta some morum
Paterbus furious enter parlorum
Kickabus boyabus, exit doorum
Nightabus darkabus, nona lamporum
Climbabus fencabus, breechabus torum.

Paul McEwen—"There is something dove-like about you."
Laura Coley—"What is that?"
Paul—"You are pigeon-toed."

Census Taker—"Where were you born?"
Chinaman—"I no got born. I got step-mother."

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A mahogany chair by a Senior with walnut legs.
A large room or boarding house by a Freshman with a vacant attic.

Teacher—"Otis, can you define space."
Tish—"I have it in my head, but I can't express it!"

Teacher—"In what course do you expect to graduate?"
Bob Hoctor—"In the course of time."

Mrs. Bacher—"Johnnie, I am afraid that I will never meet you in Heaven!"
Johnnie Scheel—"I'm sorry you won't be there. What have you done?"

Some people are naturally crazy and others take French.

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Lost

A small dog by a Junior with yellow eyes and one ear clipped.

Ceaser conquered many nations
A mighty man was he,
And in examinations
He nearly conquered me.

Ruth Y.—"Say, Jackie, does a gooseberry have legs?"
Jack—"Nope, I don't think so. Why?"
Ruth—"Well, I guess I've just swallowed a caterpiller."

Miss B.:—"Yes, Caesar's downfall was caused because he was so ambitious."
Frankie—"Oh, if that's the case I'll never die."

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GOLD KRUST BREAD
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Ruth Mort—"Did you say deviled eggs were made with pepper, salt and mustard?"

Florence J.—"You must be wrong because I fed the chickens that and they didn't lay a single deviled egg."

Farmer Jones, while trying to harness a rather wild horse, was kicked just south of his corn crib.

Mary McEwen—"I know who you are."
Fleming—"Who?"
Mary—"Nobody."
Fleming—"Good heaven! I'm discovered."

"Do you know what to feed school boys to make them good fighters?"
"No, what?"
"Scraps."

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Arthur P. "What are horse marines?"
Claude W. "Oh, they are the ones on Mare Island."

Marjorie L. (talking to her mother on the phone)—"Look in the cupboard, mother, and see if you can find "The House of Seven Gables" and "Mill on the Floss."

There are meters of sound
There are meters of tone,
But the best of the meters
Is to meet her alone.

"Lady," said the beggar, "Could you gimme a quarter to get where me family is?"

"Certainly, my poor man, here's a quarter. Where is your family?"

"At de movies."

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Can You Imagine?

"Jo" without "Hank?"

Harold Burgen without his blush?

Junior—"What was the matter with that salad last night?"
Soph—"Nothing—why?"
Junior—"I found a button in it."
Soph—"That was just part of the dressing."

Mr. VanWoert was escorting Miss Bleakney home the other evening when a savage dog attacked them and bit Mr. Van Woert on the public square.

If you can't laugh at the jokes of the age—laugh at the age of the jokes.

WRIST WATCHES

REAL TIMEPIECES

—o—

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Junior.—Soapstone.
Senior—Grindstone.
P. G.—Tombstone.

"Who was the first man, Marvin?" asked the Sunday school teacher.
"George Washington," answered patriotic Marvin.
"Why, no Marvin, you ought to know better than that, it was Adam."
"Oh, well," said Marvin, determined to prove himself right, "I wasn't counting foreigners."

He sighted along the barrel, aimed at the bird in the bush, he pulled the trigger, there was a loud report, and the hunter ran to the bush where he saw a frog hopping around. He picked up the frog and exclaimed, "Not such a bad shot for an Amateur. I didn't kill him, but I certainly knocked off all his feathers!"

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Mrs. Warren—"Barbara, give me a list of what Madison did for the Constitution."

Barbara—"Oh, he proposed the first ten commandments."

Coach (in hall)—Where's your slip?

Snookie (blushing)—You wouldn't get personal, would you?

One of those curious Freshmen. "Guess the age of this joke!"

His mother. "You had better keep still, or something will happen to you, curiosity once killed a cat, you know."

Freshman (after remaining quiet in deep thought) "then, mother, what was it that the cat wanted to know?"

Coach—"Goodness, how close it is in here! Lets get out."

Squirrelie—"But, my dear, the orchestra will change the air in a minute."

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"Say," yelled the traffic officer, "What do you mean by speeding along like a mad man! You'll kill somebody! Why don't you use your noodle?"

"Noodle!" gasped the Coach, "where in heck is the noodle? I pushed and pulled and jiggered every darn thing on the dashboard and I couldn't stop her."

Wilma (the dreamer): "Did you ever see so many stars?"

The practical automobile salesman: "Yes, there are quite a few of 'em all right, but the Chevrolet's a better car."

Woman's Downfall

Adam was whispering to the serpent. Suddenly something fell from the tree nearby and crashed into the undergrowth.

"Someone's listening," hissed the Serpent.

"No," replied Adam, "only Eve's dropping."

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OREGON-WASHINGTON TELEPHONE COMPANY
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One Policy — One System — Universal Service
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BETTER SERVICE

Englishman—"What the deuce did that fellow mean?"

American—"How's that, my lord?"

Englishman—"He said that my top floor was unfinished."

American—"Don't be offended, that is just some American slang, by top floor he meant your head."

Englishman—"By jove, cawn't the stupid chap see that I'm wearing hat and monacle?"

You might sew flowers, string beans, and kid gloves, but you can't leave trees.

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Two little fleas set on a rock,
And one to the other said:
"I have no place to hang my hat,
Since my old dog is dead
I've wandered the wide world over,
And further will I roam,
And the first dog that shows his face,
Will be my Home Sweet Home."

Jackie D.—"Look here, isn't that a hair in the butter?"
Waiter—"Yes, sir, a cow's hair. We always serve one with the butter to show that it isn't olemargarine."

Preacher—"Young man, do you attend a place of worship regularly?"
Freshman—"Yes Sir, I'm on my way to see her now."

Senior—"Say, you got any thumb-tacks?"
Frosh.—"Huh? Oh, you mean finger-nails'?'

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Think of
KLICKITAT COMPANY
J. J. FRY, Managing Agent
"WE INSURE EVERYTHING"
Phone 72 Office in Pioneer State Bank

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GOLDEN HARVEST BRAND HAMS, BACON, LARD AND QUALITY PRODUCTS

Manufactured from choice pigs grown in this celebrated Goldendale District

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Velma E. "The dentist said I had a large cavity that needed filling."
Lois S. "Did he recommend any special course of study?"

Wise Freshie—"What is worse than a giraffe with a sore throat?"
Witty Junior—"A centipede with corns."

Mrs. Bacher—"What is wind?"
Clayton Roloff—"Air that gets in a hurry."

Shorty: "Late again! Have you ever done anything on time?"
Leo: "Yeah,—bought a Ford."

A conductor fears no one—he tells 'em where to get off.

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We're proud of our Sophomore class,
We're sure it's going to surpass
In each social function
Where is needed some "gumption"—
We're proud of our Sophomore class.

M. W. '33

Miss Shelton—"Your answer is about as clear as mud."
Bobby H.—"Well, that covers the ground, doesn't it?"

Miss Shelton—"Donald, how is a paragraph made more vivid?"
Donald J.—"By your red pencil."

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Mrs. Bacher: "Why don't you answer me?"
Sonny E.: "I did shake my head."
Mrs. B.: "Well, do you expect me to hear it rattle way up here?"

Charles Spoon: "Have you a second to spare?"
Lois: "Yeah."
Charles: "Tell me all you know."

Teacher: "What's your mother doing, Johnny? I haven't seen her since she got back from Florida."

Johnny: "She's busy taking the hotel names out of the towels."

Postmistress (to small boy accompanied by two dogs)—"Have you licenses on both those dogs?"

Small boy—"No'm. The big one's all right, but the little one's just full of them."

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Miss Bleakney (to Marie McDowell in English III): "Can't you speak a little louder, be more enthusiastic, open your mouth and throw yourself into it."

Fred A.—"My lad, are you to be my caddie?"
Caddie—"Yes, Sir."
Fred—"And how are you at finding lost balls?"
Caddie—"Very good, Sir."
Fred—"Well, look around and find one and we'll start the game."

Smarty: "Give me Ringling Brothers Circus, please."
Telephone Operator: "Number, please."
Smarty: "I don't know the number, but it's three rings."

"Wilma's a toe dancer," said the Coach, as he ruefully massaged his badly buised toes.

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Doris Baker -
Remember English II.

Maxine Shelter '29
She likes Clara's curls!

Autographs